

Detective COMICS

10¢



News!

No. 28

JANUARY, 1938

MORE

FUN COMICS

10¢

*here comes
a
champion!*



**TRIED!
TESTED!
PROVED!**

DETECTIVE COMICS

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DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, \$1.50; elsewhere \$2.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

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SPEED



SAUNDERS

OF THE
RIVER POLICE

THE FLEETS IN! SAILORS! FLAGS! BANDS! - THE MAYOR, WELCOMING COMMITTEE AND ALL! THE ATLANTIC FLEET 4200 BATTLESHIPS IS AT ANCHOR IN NEW YORK HARBOR FOR A WEEK'S STAY!!



SIR-I'VE HEARD OF A PLOT TO BOTTLE UP THE FLEET IN THE HARBOR A STRANGE SUBMARINE LOADED WITH TNT IS GOING TO BLOW UP THE REEF.



IF THEY BLOW UP THE REEF THE OUTLET CHANNEL WILL BE BLOCKED. WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE ANARCHISTS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, ENSIGN ALSWORTH!



I APPRECIATE YOUR OFFER, SPEED, BUT IT SOUNDS KIND OF PREPOSTEROUS! YOU ARE GOING TO LOCATE THE SUB BY AIRPLANE, WITH A DIVING SUIT ON!

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY, SIR. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



BUT YOU'VE GOT NO AIRLINE ON YOUR DIVING SUIT, SPEED!

THIS SMALL BAG HANGING ON MY CHEST HAS A SUPER-EVAPORATOR WHICH TAKES AIR FROM THE WATER!



THERE'S THE SUB. SHALL I DO A POWER DIVE?

OKAY!



SPEED CLIMBS ONTO THE WING AND - THEN JUMPS - AS THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWNWARD!

HE LANDS FEET FIRST IN THE SEA - - - - -



AS HIS BODY SLOWLY SETTLES TOWARD THE BOTTOM HE TURNS ON THE OXYGEN UNIT!...



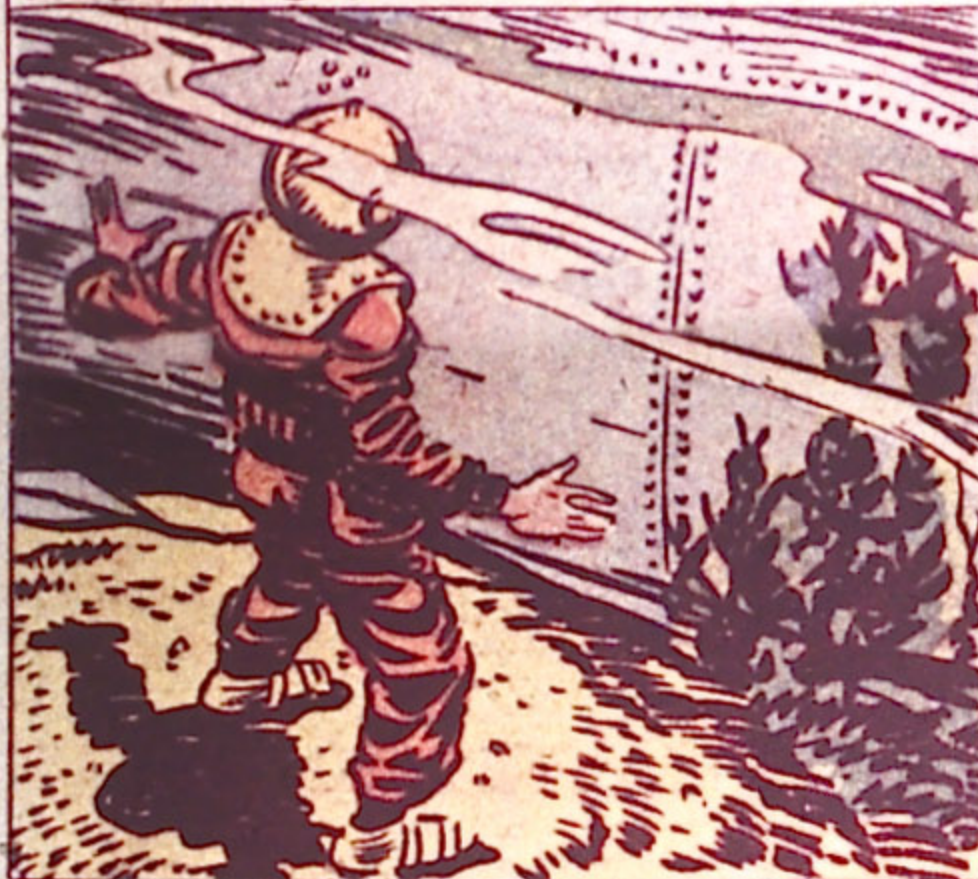
ONCE ON BOTTOM... SPEED SEARCHES IN VAIN
FOR THE MYSTERIOUS SUBMARINE!! -



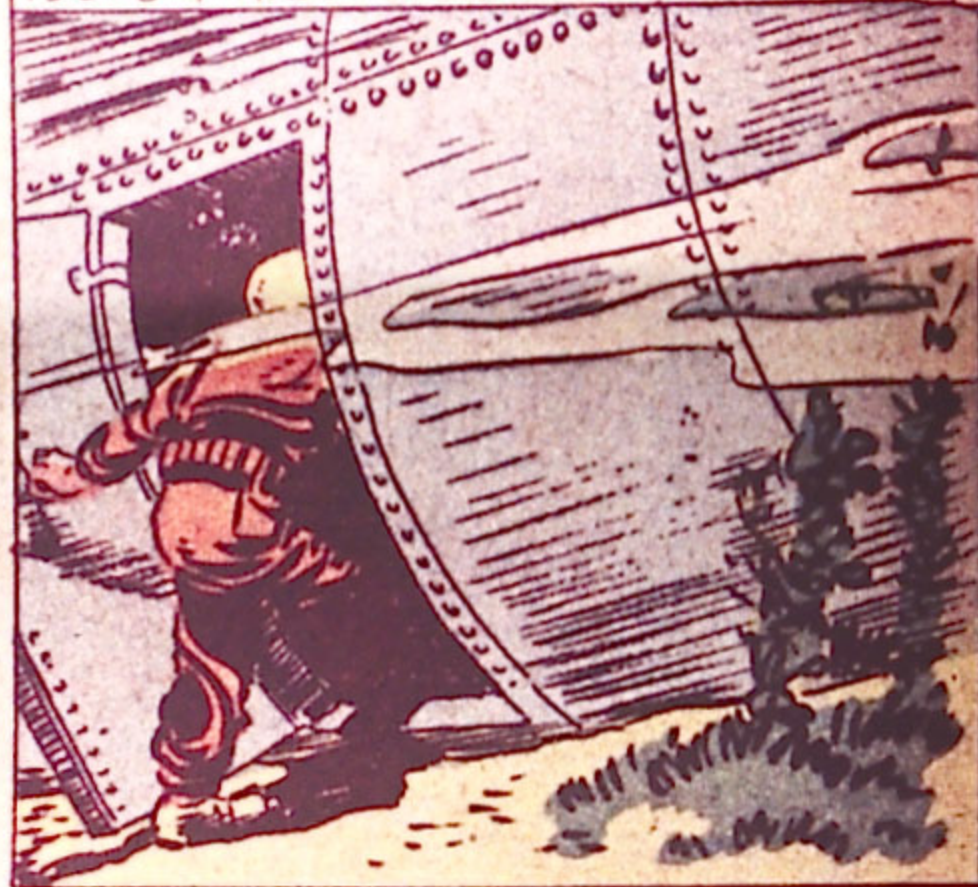
I'LL USE THIS
PORTABLE
SUBMARINE
DETECTOR. MAY-
BE THIS WILL
SHOW ME
THE WAY!



FOLLOWING THE DIRECTION GIVEN BY THE
DETECTOR- SPEED DISCOVERS THE SUB. -



FORTUNATELY THERE IS AN AIRLOCK WHICH
IS OPEN, THROUGH WHICH SPEED ENTERS-

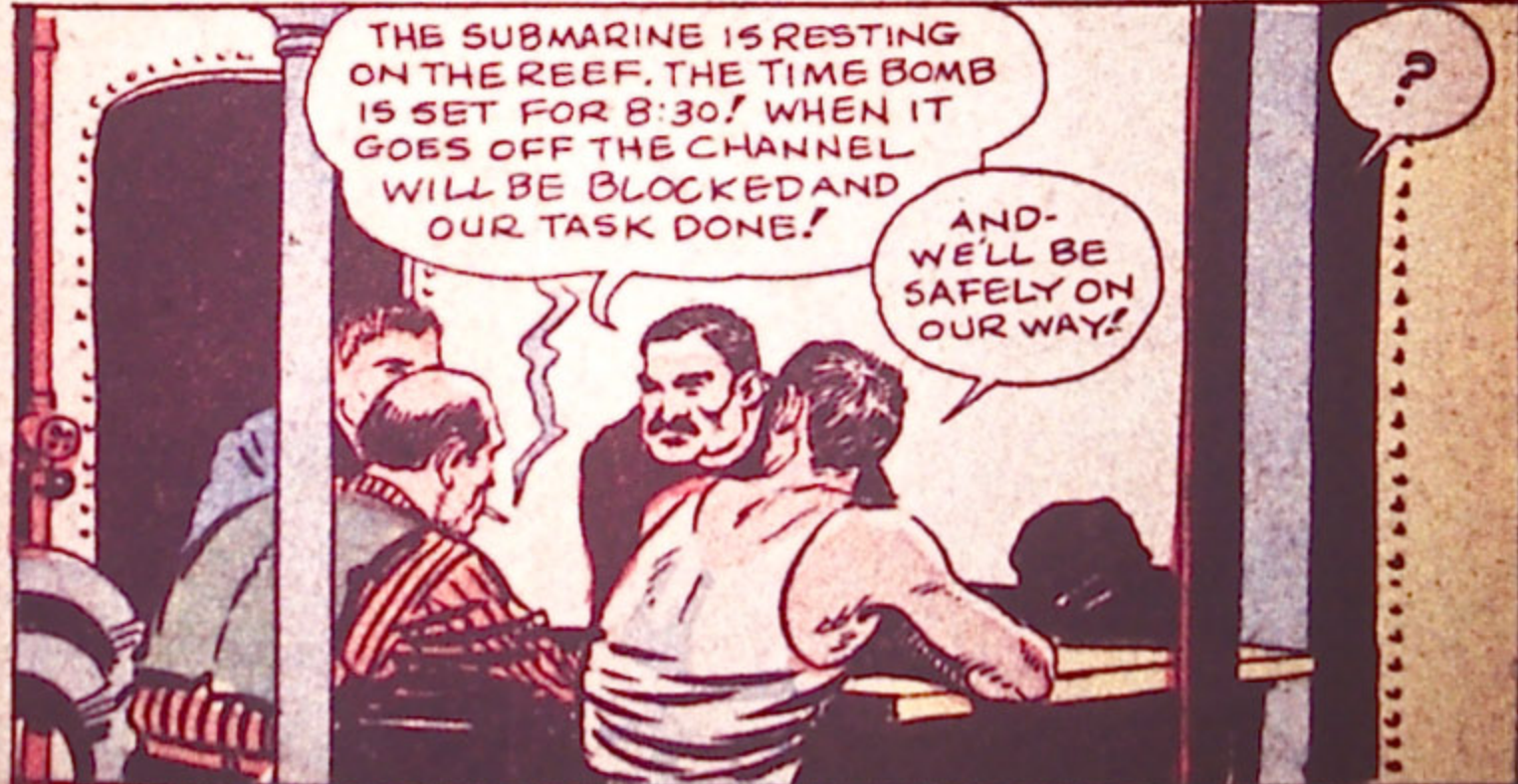


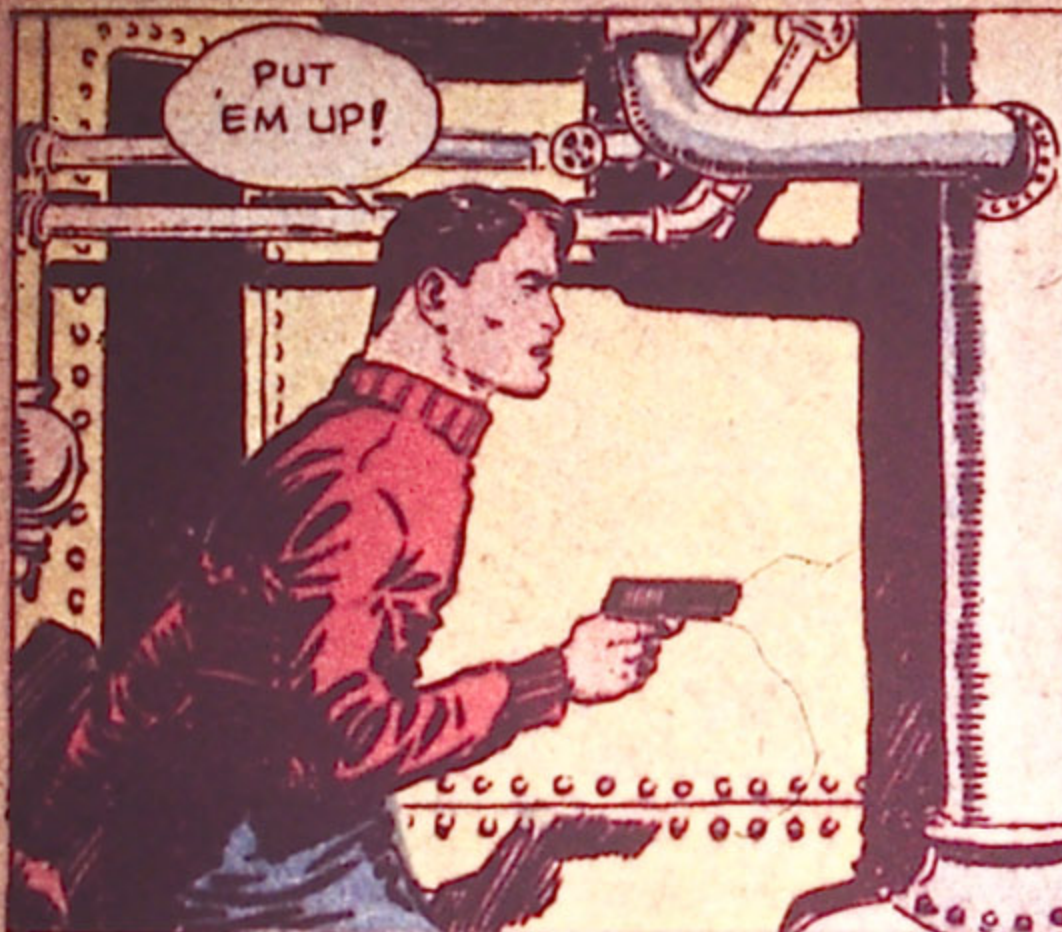
QUIETLY REMOVING
HIS DIVING OUTFIT
HE HEARS A
MURMUR OF
VOICES IN THE
NEXT COMPARTMENT.



THE SUBMARINE IS RESTING
ON THE REEF. THE TIME BOMB
IS SET FOR 8:30! WHEN IT
GOES OFF THE CHANNEL
WILL BE BLOCKED AND
OUR TASK DONE!

AND-
WE'LL BE
SAFELY ON
OUR WAY!

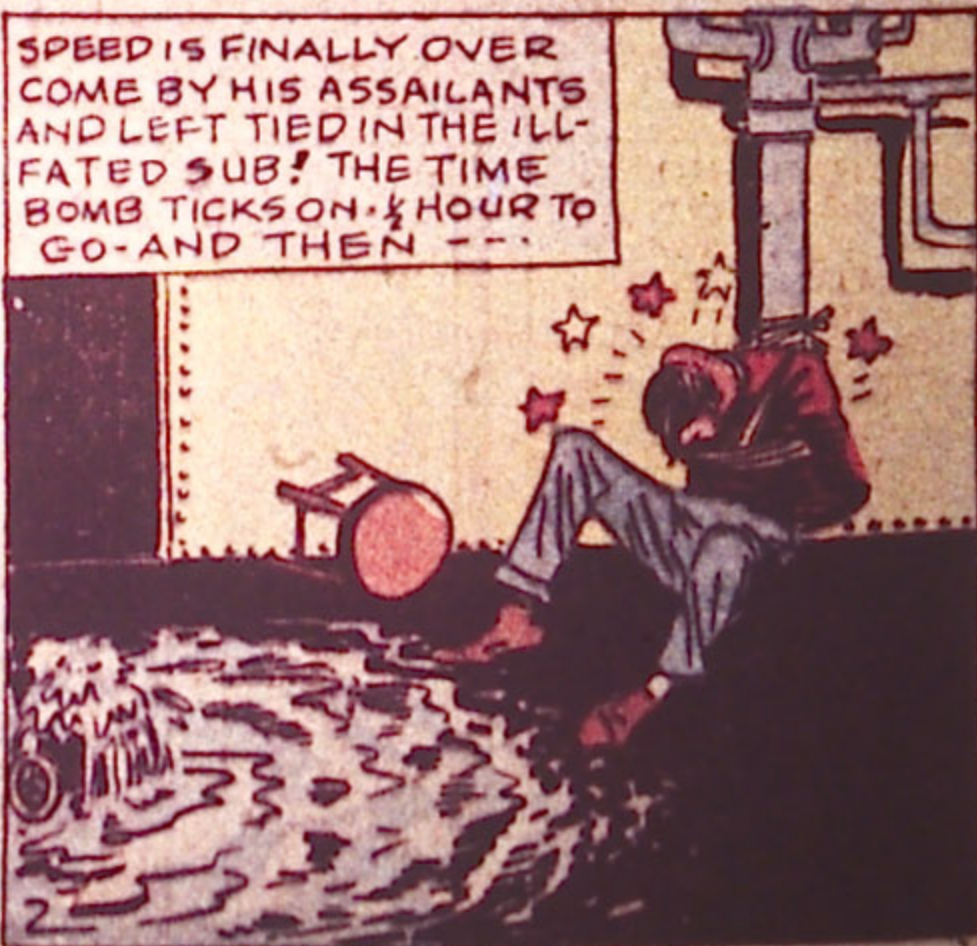




SPEED DUCKS A WELL AIMED WRENCH!!!



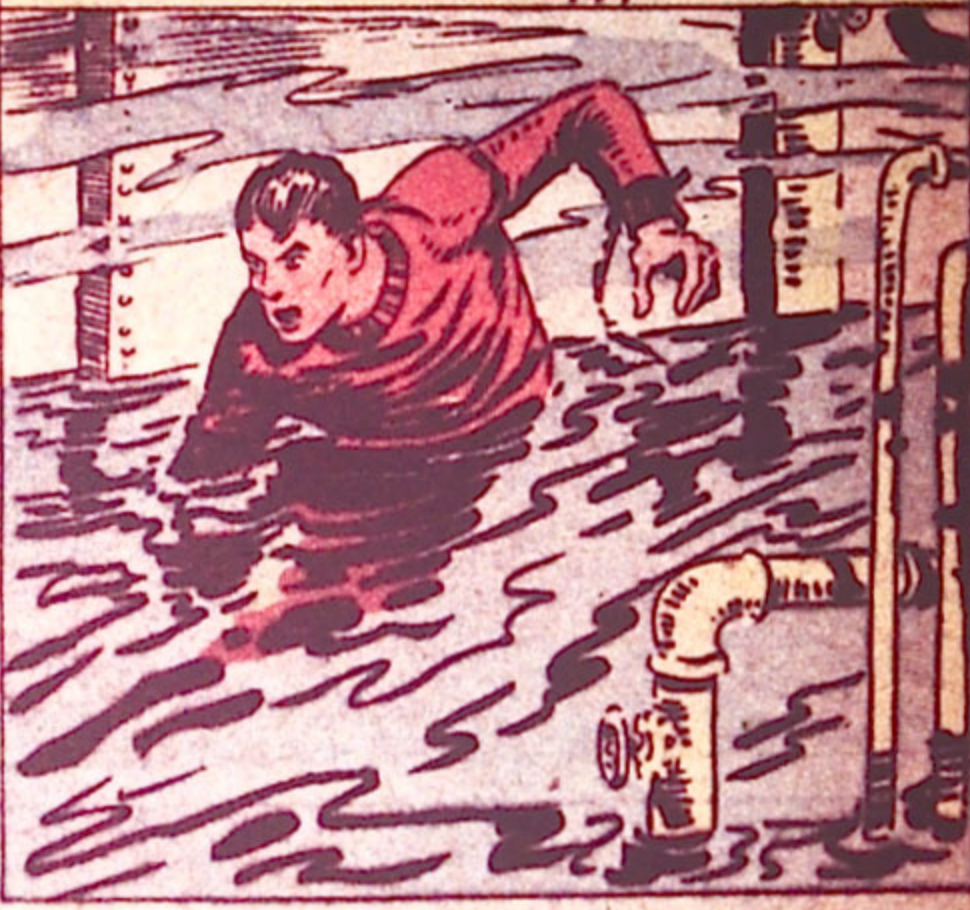
THE ANARCHISTS RUSH IN! SPEED LOSES HIS PISTOL AND IS ON THE SPOT!!----



THE INRUSHING SEA WATER FLOODS THE ROOM! RISING RAPIDLY!!-- SPEED STILL GROGGY TRIES TO LOOSEN THE ROPES BINDING HIS ARMS! SULPHURIC GAS PERMEATES THE AIR AS THE SALT WATER REACHS THE BATTERIES! SPEED IS RUBBING THE ROPE AGAINST A SHARP METAL-EDGE-- CUTTING THE STRANDS--



FINALLY THE ROPE BREAKS AND SPEED SLASHES ACROSS THE CABIN AND CLOSES THE OPEN SEA GATE!!!--



THE TIME BOMB TICKS ON! 15 MINUTES TO GO! HE HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE DYNAMITE FILLED ROOM--

IN THE ENGINE ROOM SPEED TURNS ON THE MOTORS!-- THE SUB STARTS TO RISE!



THE GIANT SUBMARINE SLOWLY RISES FROM THE REEF-- LOADED WITH T.N.T. READY TO GO OFF IN 5 MINUTES WITH SPEED SAUNDERS PILOTING IT OUT TO SEA WHERE HE WILL BE BLOWN UP WITH THE DOOMED CRAFT!!--



OUT OF THE HARBOR - STRAIGHT OUT TO
SEAT THE SUB ROARS OVER THE OCEAN!



THAT'S THE MYSTERY
SUB - ALL RIGHT! FULL
SPEED AHEAD - THERE!

RIGHT!



ONE
MINUTE
TO GO!!



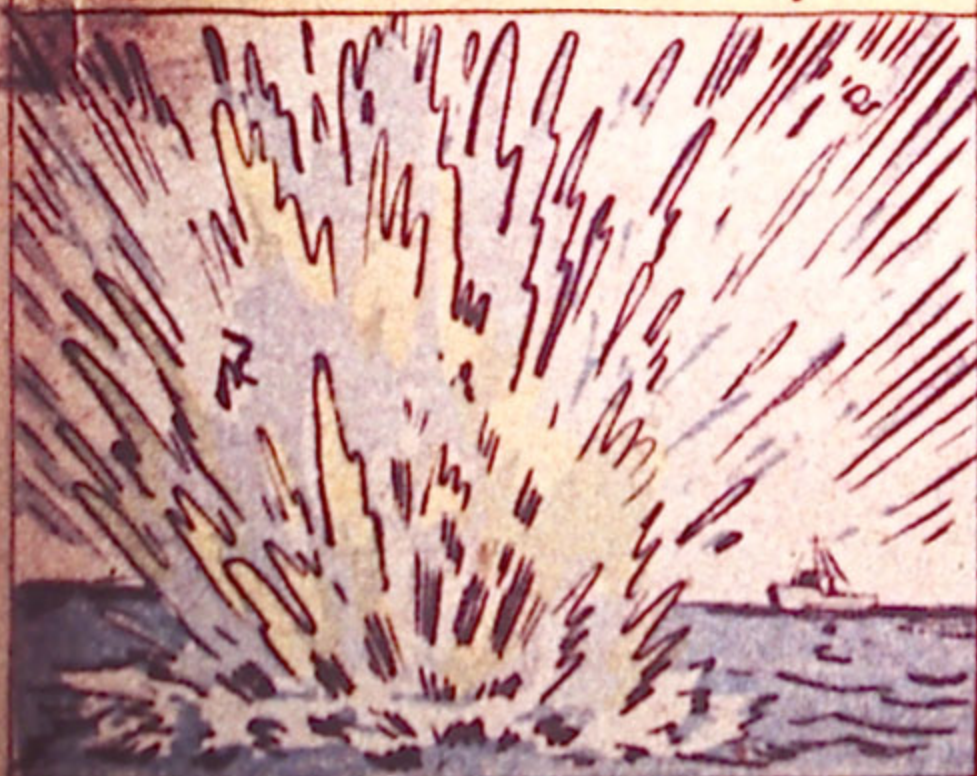
SPEED PUTS ON HIS DIVING SUIT, INFLATED
WITH OXYGEN AND RUSHES TO THE CONNING
TOWER TO ESCAPE!!

THERE'S SOMEONE
JUMPING OFF THE
SUB. LOWER A BOAT
AND PICK HIM UP!



SPEED LEAPS INTO THE SURGING SEA!

SPEED HAS NO SOONER ESCAPED WHEN
THE SUBMARINE IS BLOWN TO BITS
BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



THANKS, MEN! IT'S
LUCKY FOR ME YOU
CAME ALONG! I COULDN'T
HAVE STAYED UP MUCH
LONGER!

ARE YOU
OKAY, SPEED?



THE LAW AT WORK



THE POWER BEHIND "MACHINE GUN" KELLY-



STRIPPED OF HIS FORMIDABLE TITLE GEORGE (MACHINE GUN) KELLY PROVED TO BE A CARVEN, BLUNDERING, LOUD-MOUTHED COWARD THROUGH AND THROUGH --

HE DIDN'T INVENT THIS TITLE - IT WAS THE CREATION OF HIS PRODUCER AND PRESS AGENT, KATHERINE KELLY, HIS WIFE - WITH HER BEHIND HIM, HIS NAME BECAME A SYMBOL OF NATIONAL TERROR, FORMIDABLE POWER, KIDNAPPING, RUTHLESSNESS AND CUNNING --

WHEN HE MET KATHERINE NOT MANY YEARS AGO HE WAS A WEAK, OVERDRESSED BOOTLEGGER, CONSIDERED AS "SMALL FRY" BY THE BIG SHOTS OF CRIME - SHE, AN ACTRESS BY INSTINCT SIZED HIM UP AS THE PERFECT TYPE FOR A SUPER-VILLIAN - AS AN ARISTOCRAT OF CRIME HE WOULD PLACE HER IN THE SPOT LIGHT AND BRING HER WEALTH --

AND SO HE DID - AT HER INSTRUCTION HIS FAME INCREASED - THE NATION IS ONLY TOO WELL AWARE OF THE SERIES OF BANK ROBBERIES, KIDNAPPINGS, AND UNSPEAKABLY BRUTAL DEEDS THAT TOOK PLACE WITH HIM AS THE CAUSE - KATHERINE DURING ALL THIS PROVED TO BE A GUN-MOLL EXTRAORDINARY - POSSESSED OF CUNNING ABILITY, EDUCATION AND GOOD TASTE, THIS DISTORTED WOMAN ENJOYED ALL THE LUXURIES AFFORDED BY THE SPOILS OF CRIME - IN SHORT SHE WAS THE EXECUTIVE STAFF AND THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT --

NEEDLESS TO SAY THIS PAIR COULDN'T GO ON FOREVER - THE FEDERAL MEN FINALLY TOOK THEM IN A SURPRISE ATTACK ON A HOTEL ROOM IN WHICH THEY WERE STAYING - KATHERINE KELLY PROVED TO BE THE CUNNING ACTRESS TO THE END, BUT OF NO AVAIL - THEY WERE BOTH SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT - ALL OF WHICH PROVES THAT CRIME IS USELESS ---

LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

~ by Will Ely ~

LARRY LEAVES JAMES WILKES AT HIS HOME, AND THEN GOES TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY - HE EXPLAINS THE CASE TO THE POLICE - A GUARD IS DETAILED TO WATCH THE WILKES' HOME AND SERVE AS A BODY-GUARD TO JAMES WILKES - THEN A SQUAD LED BY LARRY MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE CLUB ROYAL TO CAPTURE NICK ORSATTI --



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE GAMBLING TABLES HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO INNOCENT LOOKING BILLIARD TABLES ETC -



YOU HAD BETTER SCRAM,
BOSS! THE COPS ARE
HERE! THEY MUST BE
WISE --

DID THE BOYS
COME BACK HERE?

NO, THEY MUST
BE AT THE
HIDEOUT --

IT'S A WONDER THEY
WOULDN'T LET ME
KNOW! YOU KNOW
WHERE TO REACH ME --

NICK USES A PRIVATE ELEVATOR WHICH IS
LOCATED IN THE REAR OF HIS OFFICE -- THIS
TAKES HIM TO A PRIVATE UNDERGROUND
GARAGE --

HE LEAVES THE ELEVATOR AND ENTERS A
LARGE BLACK SEDAN --

TAKE US TO
ORSATTI'S
OFFICE !!

I AM SORRY GENTLE-
MEN, BUT MR ORSATTI
HAS BEEN GONE QUITE
SOME TIME --

YEAH, WELL
WE'LL TAKE
A LOOK JUST
THE SAME --

HE'S NOT HERE --
LET'S SEE IF THE
BOYS SAW HIM
LEAVE --

I DIDN'T THINK HE'D
STILL BE HERE -- HE'S
HAD TIME TO MAKE
HIS GET-AWAY!

ORSATTI DRIVES NORTH TO AN APARTMENT
ON EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET - A BUILDING
OWNED BY HIM -



HE ENTERS AND GOES TO THE TENTH FLOOR -



HE LETS HIMSELF INTO AN ORDINARY, WELL
FURNISHED APARTMENT AND GOES TO THE
CENTER OF THE FLOOR WHERE THERE IS A
THICK IMITATION PERSIAN RUG -



HE STOOPS DOWN AND REACHES UNDER
THE RUG, DISCLOSING A CLEVERLY CONCEALED
TRAP DOOR -



HE DESCENDS, CLOSING THE TRAP OVER HIM -



I WANT TWO MEN TO WATCH THIS PLACE
CONSTANTLY - WE'LL ALSO TAP HIS TELEPHONE
WIRES -



WE'LL BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR HIM—
HE'LL HAVE TO
EVAPORATE TO
EVADE US, MR.
STEELE —

O.K. CHIEF, AND I
AM WITH YOU, BUT
ON MY OWN —



LARRY CURLS UP IN HIS CAR AND TAKES A
BRIEF REST —

IN A FEW HOURS
THAT PLACE SHOULD
BE CLOSED FOR
THE NIGHT —



AFTER TWO HOURS LARRY WAKENS AND PLANS
TO ENTER THE CLUB TO SEE WHAT HE CAN FIND —



HE GOES AROUND TO THE BACK AND SWINGS
UP TO THE FIRE ESCAPE —



ARRIVING AT THE WINDOW OF ORSATTI'S
OFFICE HE "JIMMIES" THE WINDOW, USING
BURGLAR TOOLS —



MAKING SURE ALL THE SHADES ARE DOWN
TIGHT, HE GOES OVER EVERY INCH OF THE OFFICE
USING A SMALL POCKET FLASH —



FINALLY LARRY COMES UPON THE DOOR TO
ORSATTI'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR —

BOY !! I ALMOST
THOUGHT THIS WAS
ANOTHER ROOM !



HE PASSES THE BUTTON AND THE LIFT COMES
UP — —

THIS IS HIS
EMERGENCY EXIT
NO DOUBT —



LARRY DESCENDS IN THE ELEVATOR AND GETS OUT AT THE ONLY STOP - THE BASEMENT FLOOR WHICH IS ORSATTI'S PRIVATE GARAGE -



LARRY GIVES THE PLACE A THOROUGH ONCE OVER, CHECKING THE VARIOUS LICENSE NUMBERS OF THE CARS -



HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN A DARK SHADOW CLIMBS INTO THE GARAGE -

PUT 'EM UP, BUDDY!



O.K. YOU'VE GOT ME - SO WHAT?

SO, YOU'LL SEE - GET IN THAT CAR! WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE THE BOSS!



THE CAR WHIPS OUT AND HEADS NORTH -



BACK IN ORSATTI'S HIDEOUT, ORSATTI HEARS A TAPPING ON THE TRAPDOOR OVERHEAD -



WELL WHERE IN
BLAZES HAVE
YOU PUNKS
BEEN !

WE'VE BEEN RACIN'
ALL OVER TOWN
TRYING TO DODGE
SOME GUY THAT
HORNED IN AS WE
WERE ABOUT TO
RUB OUT WILKES --

AND HOW ABOUT
WILKES ? DID
YOU FIX HIM ?

WE COULDN'T BOSS-THERE
WAS A GUN FIGHT-THIS
MUG IS A CRACK SHOT
WE WERE LUCKY TO GET
OUT ALIVE !

A SWELL MESS THIS IS - HERE WE ARE
ALL "HOT" AS POTATOES AND NOTHING
ACCOMPLISHED !

SOMEONE'S
KNOCKING
ON THE TRAP-
DOOR-LET
'EM IN -

TAP TAP

WHO YOU
GOT THERE ?

IT'S A MUG - I
FOUND SNOOPIN' IN
THE GARAGE, CHIEF -

THAT'S THE
GUY WE
HAD THE
FIGHT
WITH !

OH YEAH ?
WELL WE CAN
TAKE CARE OF
HIM RIGHT
NOW !

CONTINUED -

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



HOW ABOUT DINNER AT THE CLUB THIS EVENING, BURKE, CAN YOU MAKE IT?



COSMO CALLS ON HIS FRIEND, INSPECTOR BURKE OF SCOTLAND YARD.

THANKS, MUCH, COSMO. I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE AN EVENING'S RELAXATION.



YES - YES - EAST BAY STREET, AT THE WATER FRONT? GOOD, I WILL BE RIGHT DOWN THERE.



SORRY, OLD MAN - OUR EVENING IS OFF. THE BATTERED BODY OF A MAN'S BEEN DRAGGED FROM THE THAMES - COME ALONG?



RIGHTO

HM! BURKE, THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SEEMS QUITE IDEAL FOR MURDERS.



I GUESS THAT MUST BE THE PLACE OVER THERE.



THEY ARRIVE AT THE SHABBY WHARF.

UGH! RATHER GRUESOME, THIS - HIS FACE'S BEEN BASHED IN BEYOND RECOGNITION.



THE BODY HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE WATCHMAN'S HUT.

I WAS ON ME ROUNDS PASSING THE DOCKS
WHEN I APPENDED TO FLASH ME LIGHT 'AN,
THERE WAS THIS 'ERE BLOKE A BOBBIN'
IN THE WATER, SIR, - I 'OOKED 'IM IN 'AN
CALLED YOU, SIR.



7

AH! - HERE'S SOMETHING,
- LOOKS LIKE A WALLET



8

WELL - WHAT'S THIS? -
SIR FENTON CARSLLEY!
- VERY WEALTHY LONDONER.
DO YOU KNOW
HIM, COSMO?



9

I DON'T BE-
LIEVE I DO.

I HAVE EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT
NEWS FOR YOU, MISS CARLIN.



10

AFTER INQUIRIES, BURKE AND COSMO CALL
ON A MISS PHYLLIS CARLIN, A YOUNG AND
CHARMING GIRL, THE NIECE AND ONLY RELA-
TIVE OF THE MURDERED MAN.

-- AND HE WAS FOUND MURDERED
AND FLOATING IN THE THAMES -



11

OH, HOW DREAD-
FUL! -- HOW
HORRIBLE!

BURKE, I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS OF THIS
WHOLE THING!



12

NO?

THE GIRL IS QUITE OVERCOME UPON LEARNING OF HER
UNCLE'S FATE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

FOR TWO REASONS. FIRST, THAT HIS FEATURES ARE DELIBERATELY DESTROYED, BUT HIS WALLET WITH ITS IDENTIFICATION LEFT UNTOUCHED IN HIS POCKET. SECOND, UNLESS HE WERE LEFT-HANDED, HIS COAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BUTTONED ON THE WRONG SIDE.



WHAT DO YOU SAY, INVESTIGATE THIS CASE, BURKE?

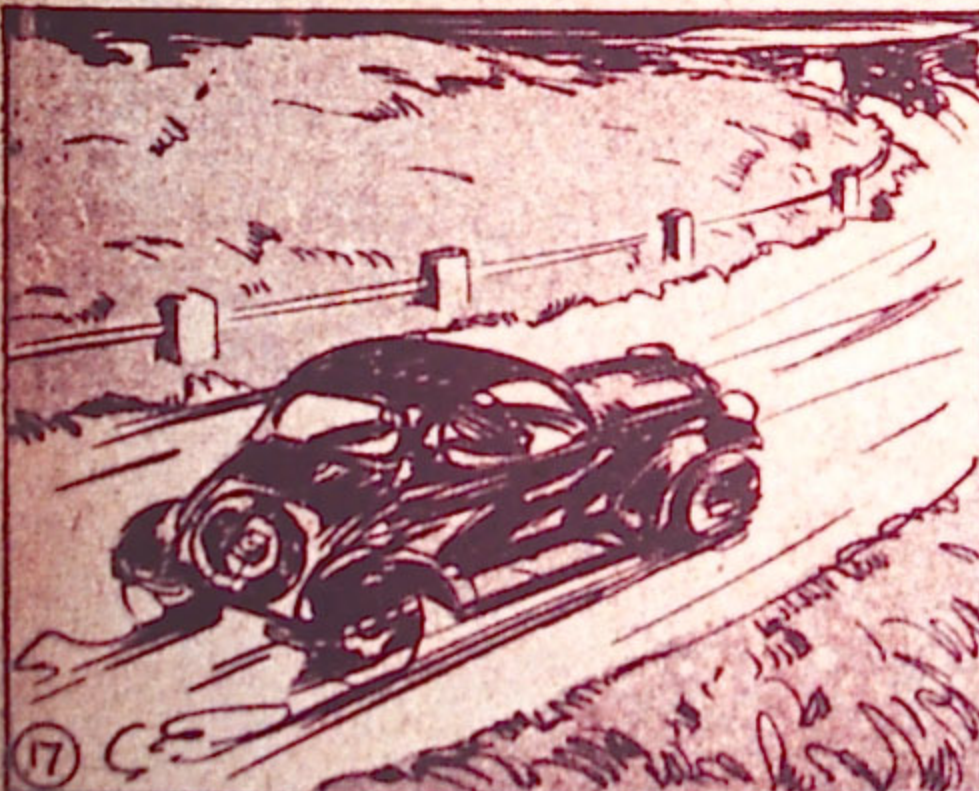
THE JOB IS YOUR'S, COSMO.



WHY, I'VE KNOWN FENTON FOR YEARS AND HE WAS AS RIGHT-HANDED AS I AM.



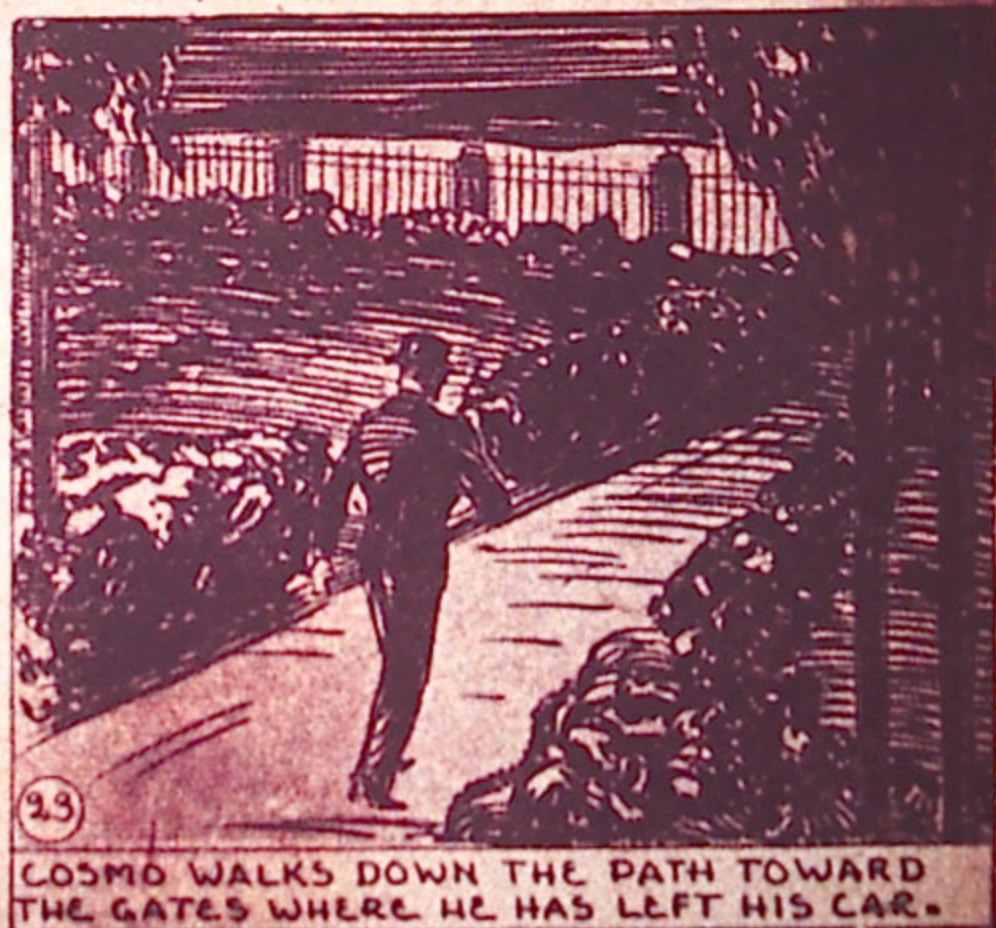
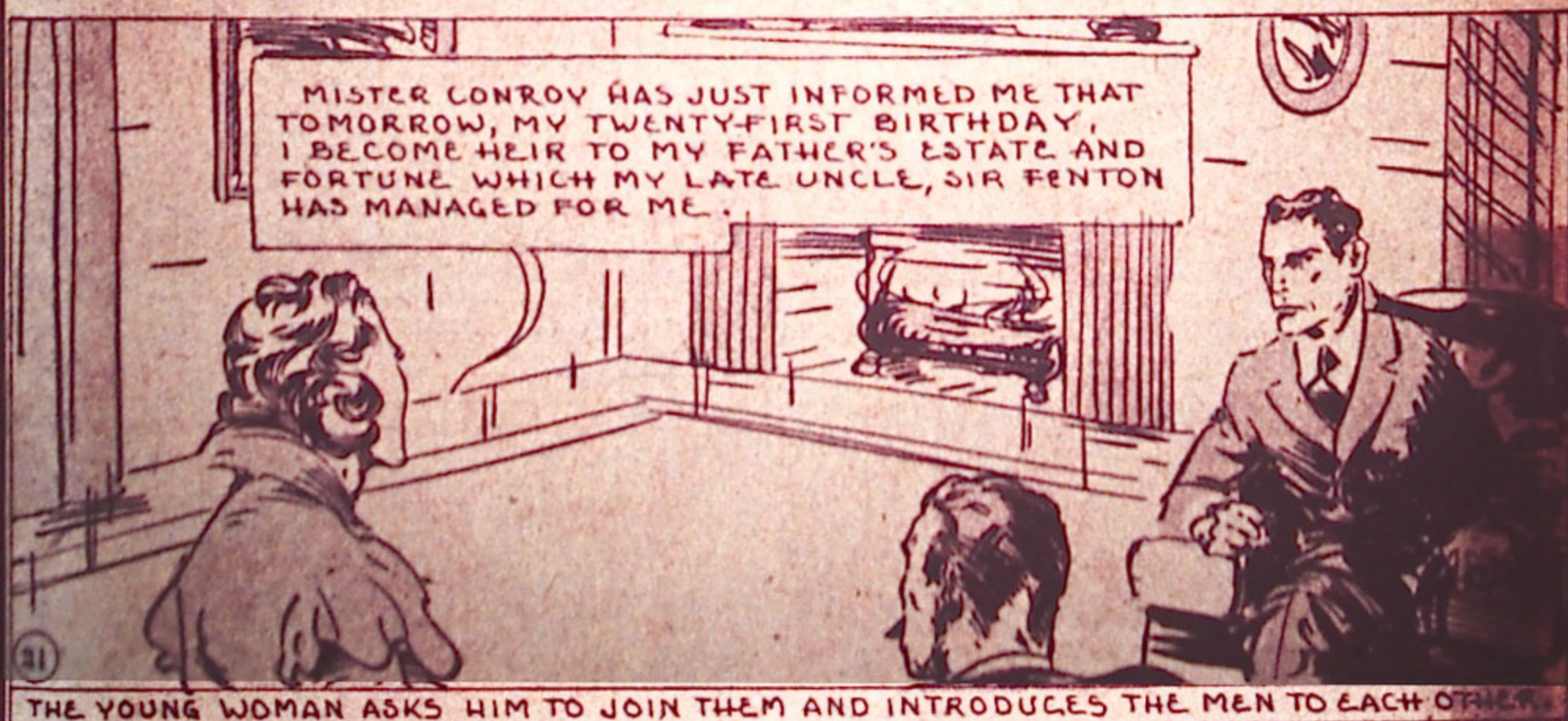
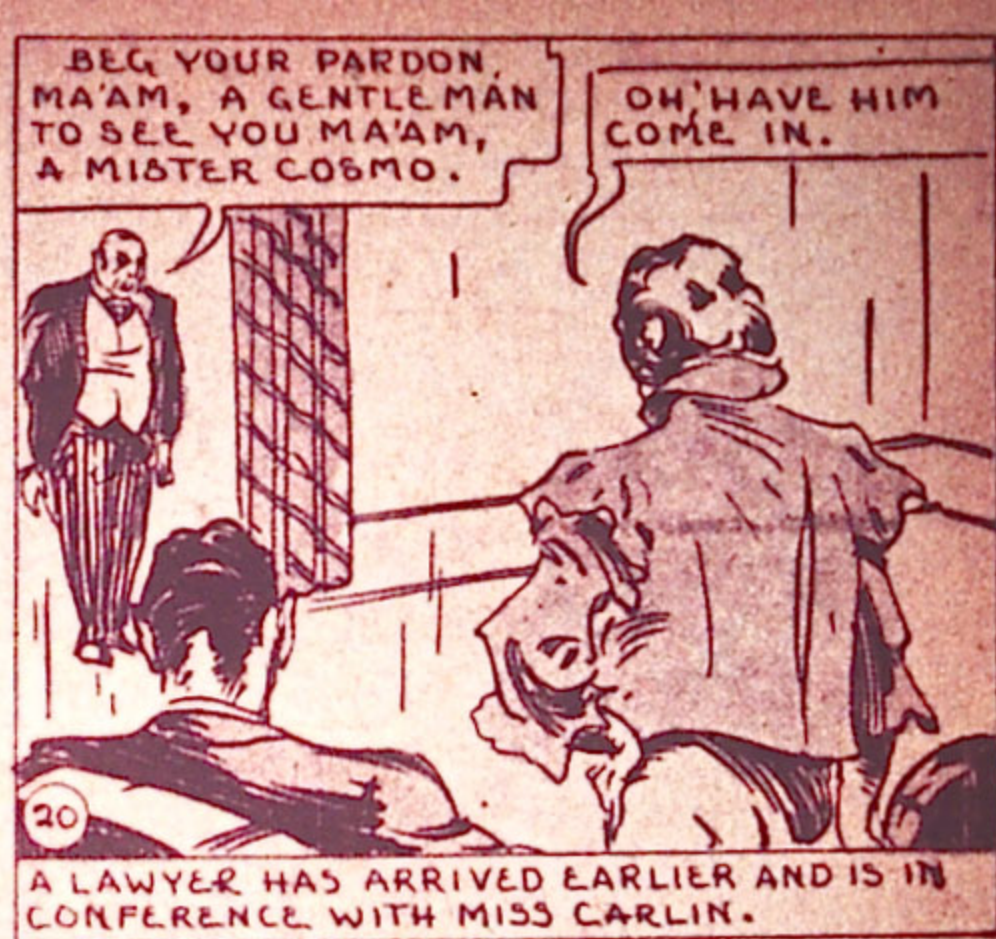
COSMO INQUIRES AT FENTON'S OFFICE AND CLUBS AND FINDS HE WAS RIGHT-HANDED.



LATER THAT DAY COSMO DRIVES OUT INTO THE SUBURBS TO AGAIN TALK WITH MISS CARLIN.



HE ARRIVES AT THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE SHORTLY AFTER DARK.





24
HALF WAY DOWN THE PATH HE SUDDENLY DIVES INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE WALK.



25
AS HE WAITS, A CLOAKED FIGURE OF A MAN STREAKS GUARDEDLY BY TOWARD THE HOUSE.



26
THE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE TERRACE OUTSIDE THE FRENCH WINDOWS AND SILHOUTTED THERE COSMO SEES HIM RAISE A REVOLVER AND AIM IT AT SOMEONE OR SOMETHING INSIDE THE ROOM.



27
QUICKLY COSMO DRAWS HIS AUTOMATIC AND FIRES.



28
THE BULLET STRIKES THE MAN'S WRIST AND HIS REVOLVER DROPS TO THE FLAGGING.



29
AS COSMO LEAPS FOR THE SPOT THE CLOAKED FIGURE SPINS AROUND AND RUNS FOR THE SHRUBBERY AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.



30 COSMO FOLLOWS AND LEAPS UPON THE MAN.



31 A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENSUES WITH THE POWERFUL STRANGER SECURING AN ARM-LOCK ON COSMO.



32 COSMO FINALLY BREAKS THE ASSAILANT'S HOLD AND DRIVES A SMASHING BLOW INTO THE OTHER'S FACE.



33 COSMO CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN TO HIS CAR, TIES HIM UP AND DRIVES INTO TOWN.



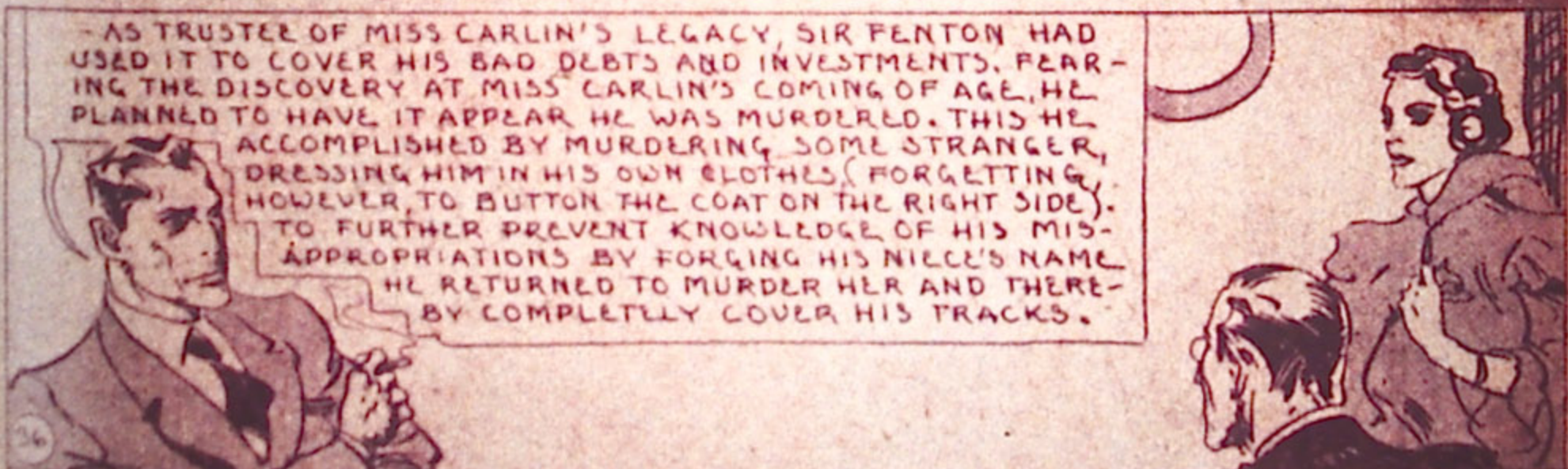
GOOD, COSMO, BRING THE MAN TO HEAD-QUARTERS - I'LL BE WAITING!

34 HAVING A HUNCH HIS CAPTIVE IS INVOLVED IN THE MURDER, COSMO CALLS INSPECTOR BURKE.



WHY--GAD--IT'S FENTON! SIR FENTON CARLSLEY! OH, SO THAT'S IT!

35 AT THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE THE MASK IS RIPPED OFF THE REVIVED PRISONER'S FACE.



AS TRUSTEE OF MISS CARLIN'S LEGACY, SIR FENTON HAD USED IT TO COVER HIS BAD DEBTS AND INVESTMENTS. FEARING THE DISCOVERY AT MISS CARLIN'S COMING OF AGE, HE PLANNED TO HAVE IT APPEAR HE WAS MURDERED. THIS HE ACCOMPLISHED BY MURDERING SOME STRANGER, DRESSING HIM IN HIS OWN CLOTHES (FORGETTING, HOWEVER, TO BUTTON THE COAT ON THE RIGHT SIDE), TO FURTHER PREVENT KNOWLEDGE OF HIS MISAPPROPRIATIONS BY FORGING HIS NIECE'S NAME HE RETURNED TO MURDER HER AND THEREBY COMPLETELY COVER HIS TRACKS.

36 IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF MISS CARLIN'S MANSION, COSMO EXPLAINS TO BURKE AND THE OTHERS THE RESULT OF HIS INVESTIGATION.

BULLSEYE

-- by --
Tom Hickey

ANOTHER
BRUCE NELSON
ADVENTURE.

I GUESS I'LL DROP IN ON OLD KRAMER AND SEE IF
MY WATCH IS REPAIRED YET.



IN PLACE OF THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF KRAMER
BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE WAS A YOUNG STRANGER.

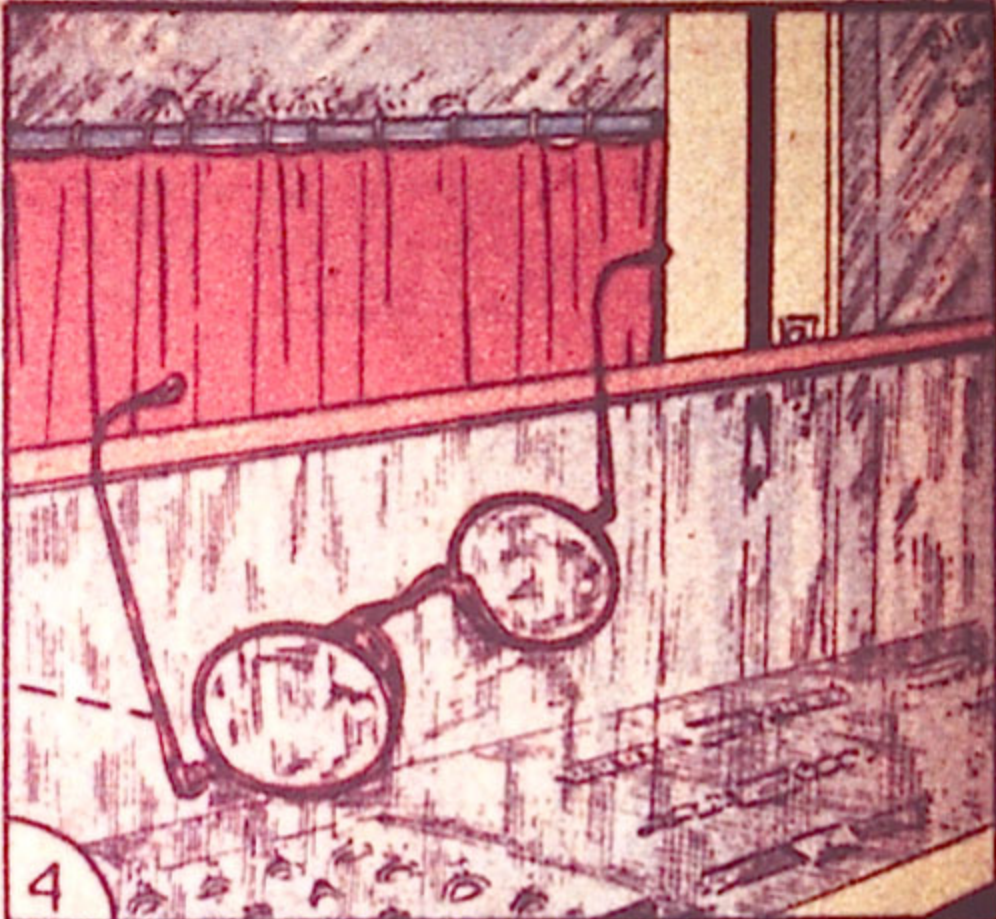
WHERE'S KRAMER?
ISN'T HE AROUND?

MR. KRAMER IS OUT OF
TOWN. HIS DAUGHTER IN
BUFFALO DIED RATHER
SUDDENLY. HE LEFT ME IN
CHARGE.



HMM — BUFFALO — WELL THAT'S TOO BAD. TELL HIM BRUCE NELSON WAS IN AND EXPRESSES HIS REGRETS. WILL YOU?

CERTAINLY SIR.



SO, KRAMER WHO HASN'T ANY DAUGHTER WENT TO HIS DAUGHTER'S FUNERAL IN BUFFALO. AND, IF THOSE WEREN'T HIS GLASSES ON THE COUNTER I'LL EAT MY HAT. THE WHOLE SET UP IS FISHY. I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE.



NELSON SLIPPED QUIETLY DOWN THE ALLEY ADJACENT TO THE BUILDING HOUSING KRAMER'S JEWELRY STORE.



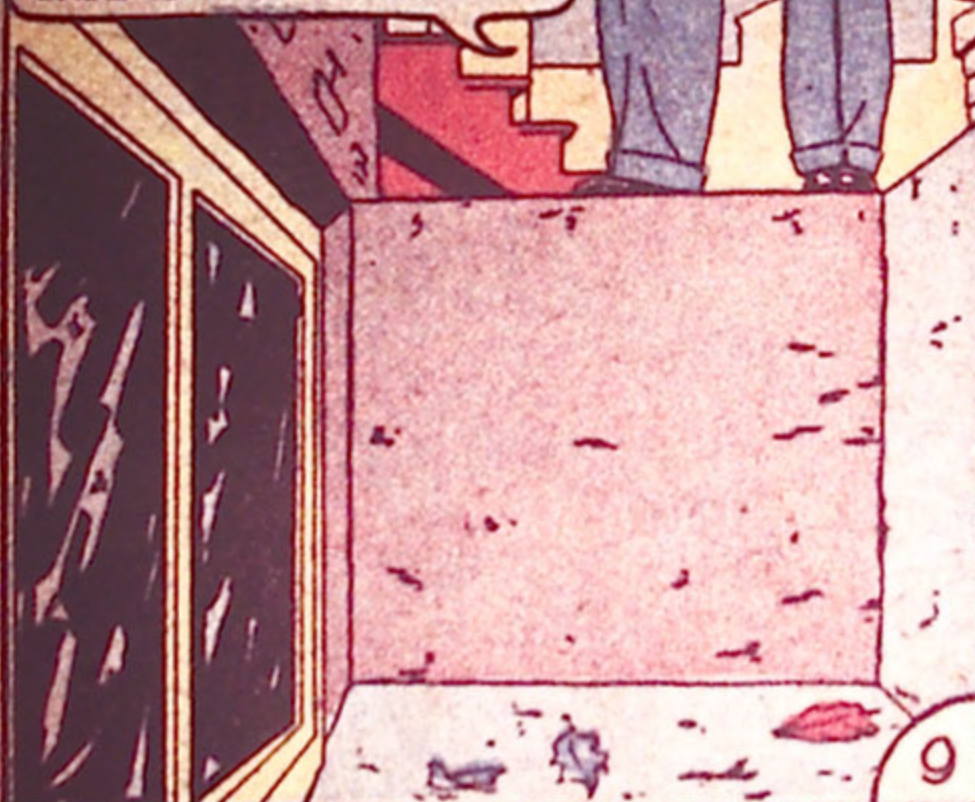
HE CLIMBED A HIGH FENCE AT THE END OF THE ALLEY AND LANDED IN A LITTERED BACK YARD IN THE REAR OF THE JEWELRY STORE.



HE HEARD A NOISE BEHIND HIM AND WHIRLED BUT IT WAS ONLY A LARGE CAT LEAPING FROM THE TOP OF AN ASH CAN.



I'D BETTER TRY AND SLIDE IN ONE OF THESE BASEMENT WINDOWS.



HMM, LOCKED! — I THINK I CAN DO A JOB ON THAT CATCH WITH MY PENKNIFE.



HE SLIPPED THE CATCH, OPENED THE WINDOW, AND CROPPED LIGHTLY TO THE BASEMENT FLOOR.



HE LISTENED CAREFULLY. THERE WAS A FAINT SOUND. IT SEEMED TO COME FROM BEYOND THE BOARD WALL WHICH BISECTED THE BASEMENT.

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE MURMUR OF VOICES.



HE MADE HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS THE BASEMENT UNTIL HE CAME TO THE BOARD WALL. HE FELT HIS WAY ALONG THAT UNTIL HE CAME TO A DOOR. HE LIFTED THE LATCH AND OPENED IT SLOWLY.



HE SLID THRU. HIS EYES POPPED AT WHAT HE SAW. HE SLUMPED BACK AGAINST THE WALL AND HIS HAND STREAKED FOR HIS GUN.



ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY WAS THE FRONT WALL OF THE BASEMENT. SET INTO THE CONCRETE FOUNDATION OF THE BUILDING WAS A LARGE SAFE. CROUCHING IN FRONT OF THE SAFE WAS OLD KRAMER, ILLUMINATED IN A CIRCLE OF LIGHT FROM A FLASHLIGHT. RINGED AROUND HIM WERE THREE MEN. TWO WITH DRAWN GUNS.



15

MAKE IT SNAPPY POP! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT.



16

NELSON GRASPED HIS GUN MORE FIRMLY, TOOK A STEP FORWARD —



17

AND THEN KICKED OVER A PAIL . . .



18

INSTANTLY THE FLASHLIGHT WENT OFF. A HEAVY SILENCE FELL OVER THE BASEMENT, TENSE WITH DANGER IN THE DARKNESS. NELSON DARED NOT EVEN BREATHE. THE SLIGHTEST SOUND WOULD TURN THREE BLAZING GUNS IN HIS DIRECTION.

WHAT A CLUMSY OX!



19

THEN FROM OVERHEAD THERE CAME A RUMBLE — A PASSING STREET CAR.



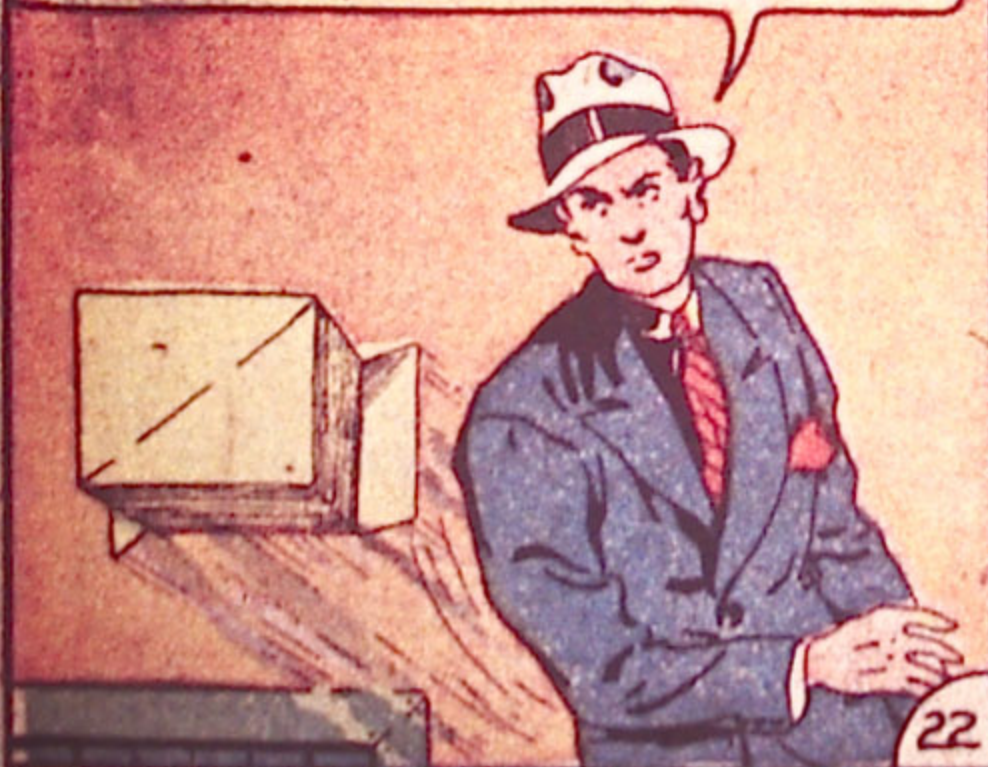
20

UNDER COVER OF THE NOISE HE CREPT TO THE OPPOSITE WALL WHERE HE WAS PARTIALLY CONCEALED BY A PILE OF BOXES.

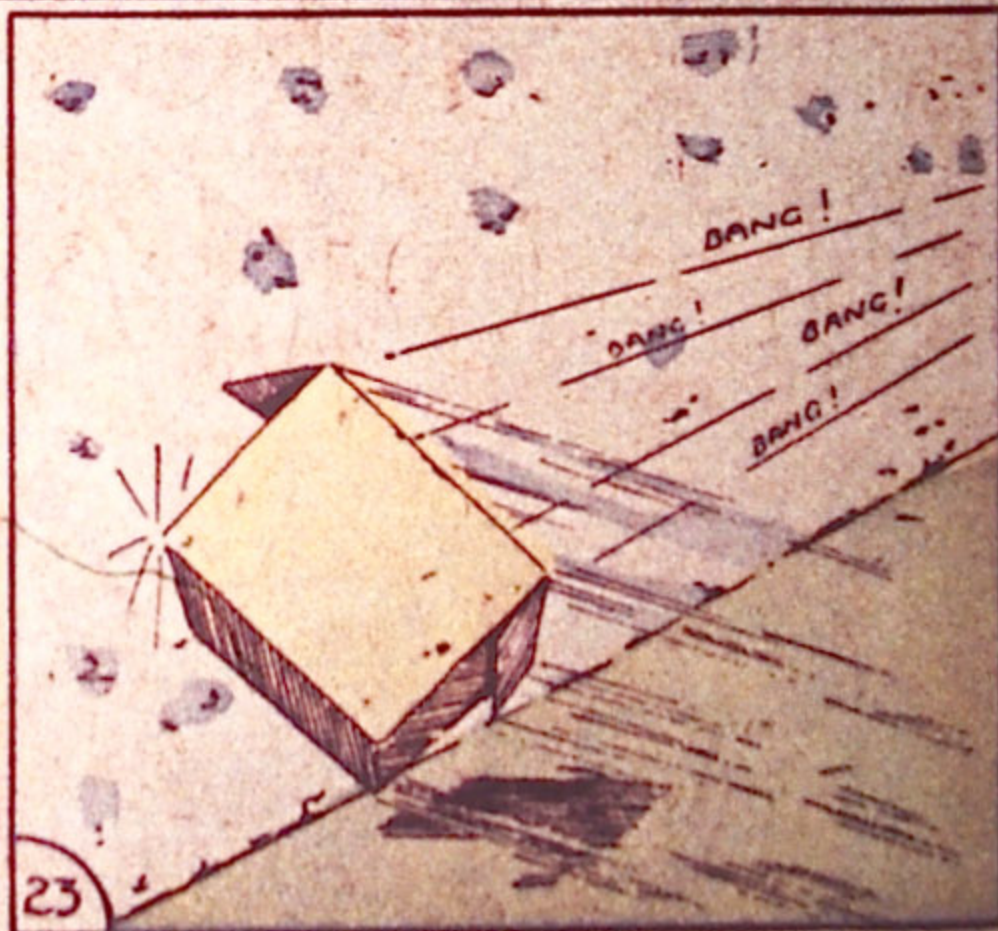


21

MAYBE IF I THROW THIS BOX AGAINST THE OPPOSITE WALL IT WILL DRAW THEIR SHOTS. THAT WILL GIVE ME AN IDEA WHERE THEY ARE. — HERE GOES. —



22

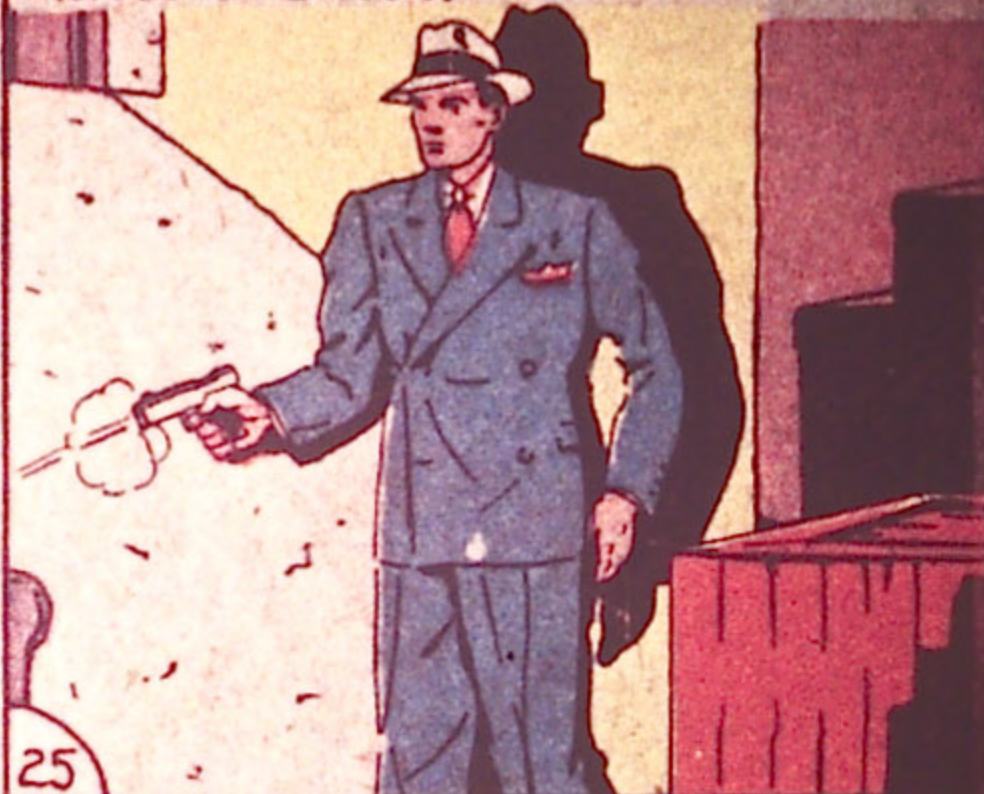


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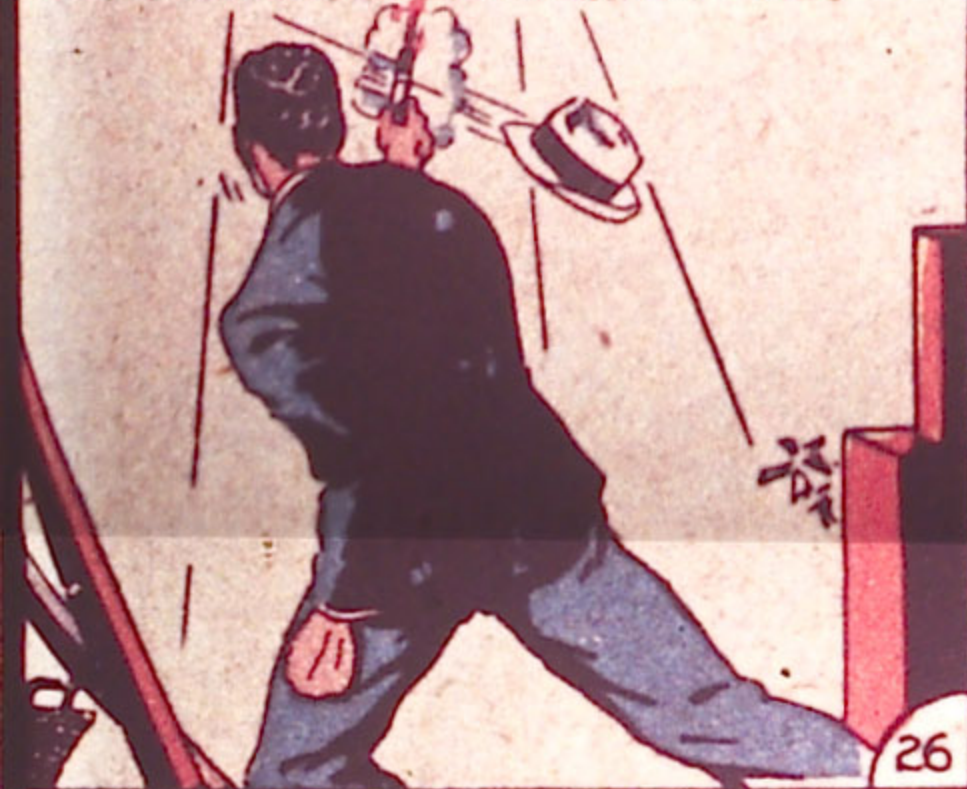
IT WAS AN OLD TRICK BUT IT WORKED. THREE GUNS
BLAZED TOWARDS THE WALL WHERE THE BOX HAD STRUCK.



THEN NELSON'S OWN WEAPON CRACKED. A MAN CRIED
OUT. THERE WAS A CLATTER OF METAL AS HIS GUN
DROPPED TO THE FLOOR.



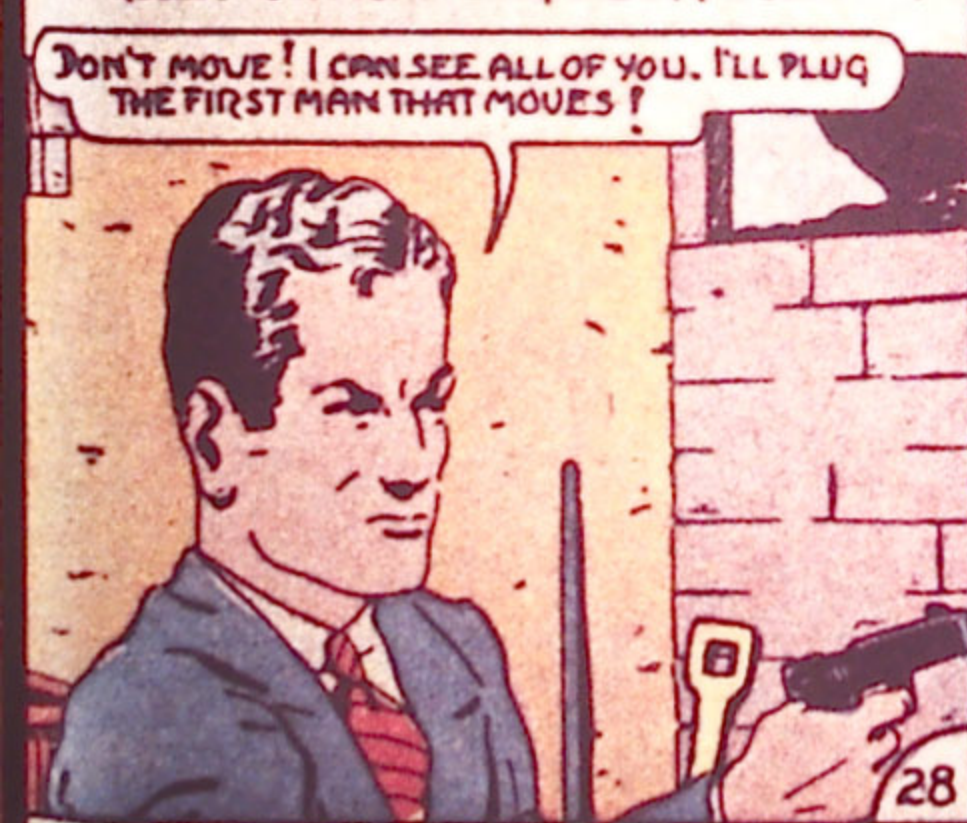
NELSON RECKLESSLY HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE.
GUNS BLAZED AGAIN, BULLETS CUT INTO THE WALL
BEHIND HIM. HE FIRED AT THE SPURTS OF FLAME.



SILENCE ONCE MORE, THEN THE LIGHT PIERCED
THROUGH THE DARKNESS. INSTANTLY NELSON FIRED
AT A SPOT ABOVE AND TO THE LEFT OF THE LIGHT. A
YELP AND AN OATH ANSWERED THE SHOT.



THE LIGHT CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, SPUN CRAZILY
THEN ROLLED TO A STOP FACING THE THREE BANDITS.



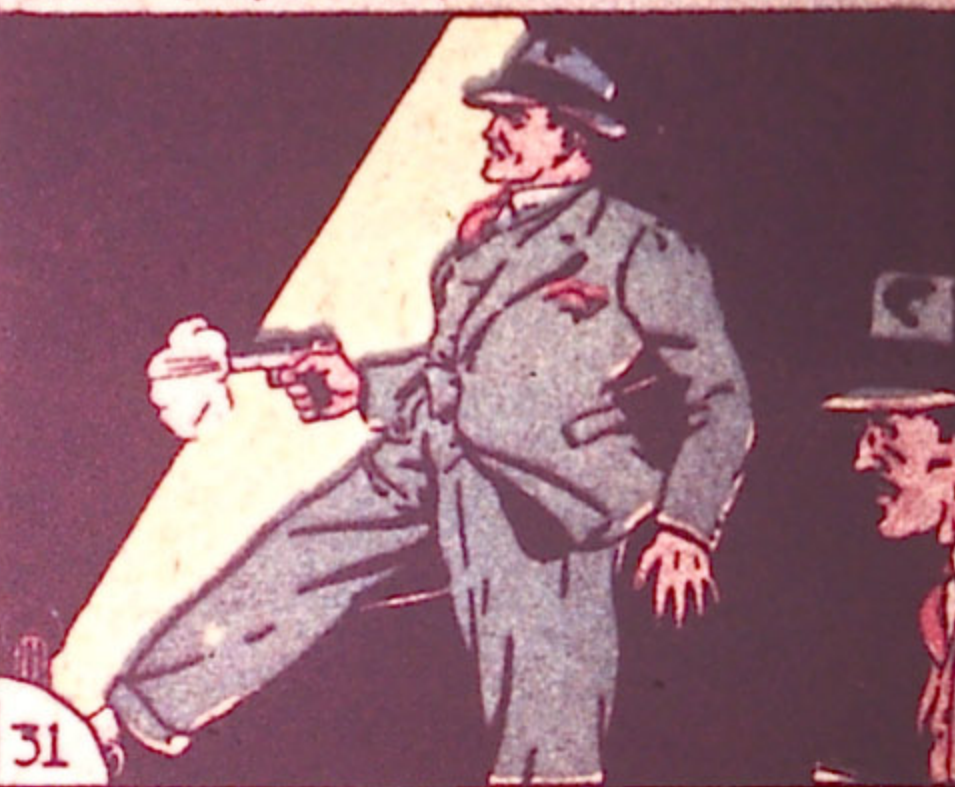
THE THREE MEN STOOD STOCK STILL, BLINDED
MOMENTARILY BY THE GLARE FROM THE FLASHLIGHT.



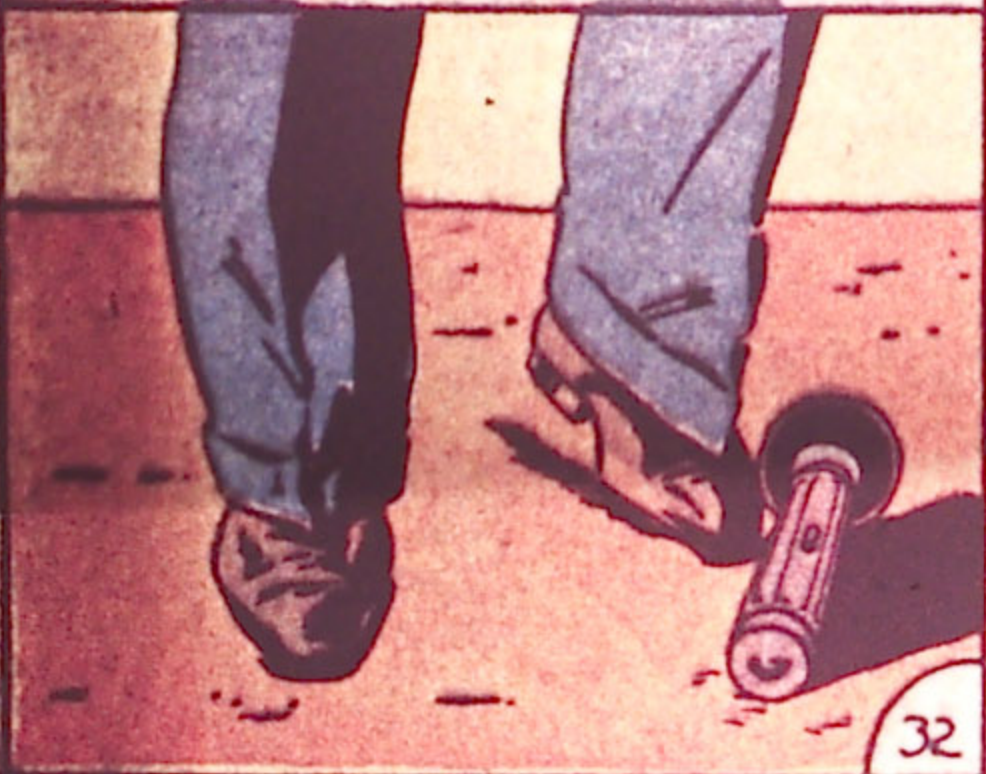
THE GUNMAN RESTING ON ONE KNEE WAS WOUNDED IN THE CHEST. SUDDENLY HE TOPPLED FORWARD UNCONSCIOUS.



AS THE WOUNDED MAN SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR, THE BANDIT NEAREST THE FLASHLIGHT REACHED OUT AND KICKED IT, FIRING HIS GUN AT THE SAME TIME.



THE LIGHT SPUN, SKIDDED ACROSS THE FLOOR, AND WENT OUT.—NELSON FELT SOMETHING BUMP AGAINST HIS FOOT.



HE PICKED IT UP AND HOLDING IT AT ARMS LENGTH HE SNAPPED IT ON.



THE GUNMEN WERE BATHED IN THE GLARE. NELSON SNAPPED OFF THE LIGHT INSTANTLY, BUT NOT BEFORE TWO BULLETS HAD PASSED UNDER HIS EXTENDED ARM.

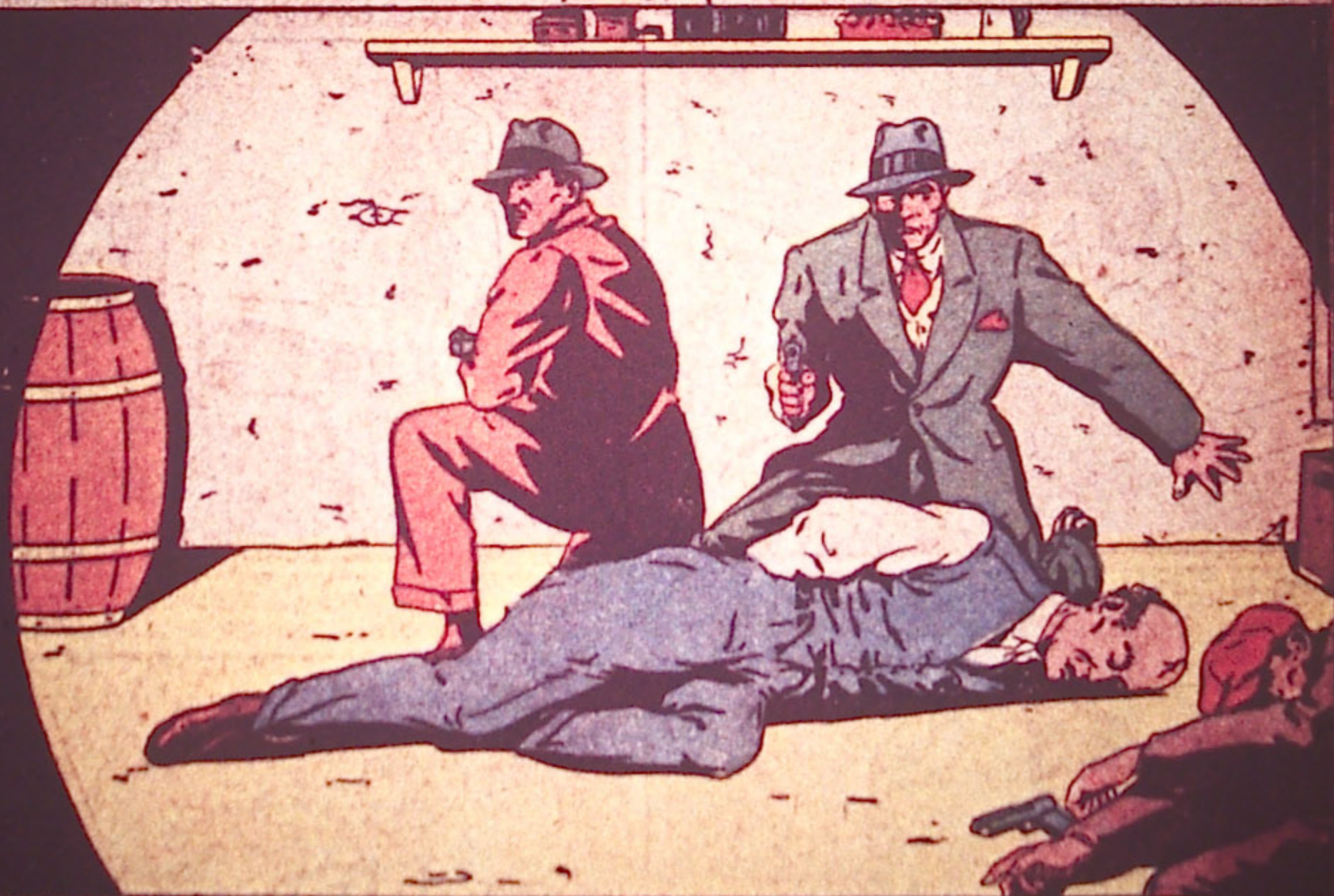
WE MUST HAVE
KNOCKED HIM
THAT TIME.



THAT BRIEF FLASH SHOWED ME JUST ENOUGH AND GAVE ME AN IDEA. GENTLEMEN YOU'RE FINISHED!



IN THAT BRIEF SECOND OF ILLUMINATION NELSON HAD SEEN THREE THINGS. THE FIGURE OF KRAMER SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR, A NASTY CUT ON HIS HEAD WHERE A GUN BUTT HAD CRACKED HIM, THE GUNMEN CROUCHED AGAINST THE WALL, AND JUST ABOVE THEM A SHELF CONTAINING A LARGE GLASS JAR.



IT'S A TOUGH SHOT IN THE DARK BUT I'VE GOT TO POP THAT JAR OR THE JIG IS UP. THIS IS MY LAST BULLET.



THE GUN CRACKED, FLAME SPIT THROUGH THE DARKNESS. THERE WAS A SOUND OF CRASHING GLASS, THE SPLASH OF SPILLING LIQUID, THEN TWO EAR-SPUTTING SCREAMS.



38

NELSON SNAPPED ON HIS FLASH LIGHT. ONE GUNMAN WAS SWAYING CRAZILY, CLAWING AT HIS FACE AND NECK. THE OTHER WAS THRASHING ABOUT THE FLOOR IN A MESS OF BROKEN GLASS AND LIQUID.



39

THAT LAST SHOT DID THE TRICK. MY HEART ALL MOST BLEEDS FOR THOSE GUYS. THEY'RE SURE IN AGONY.



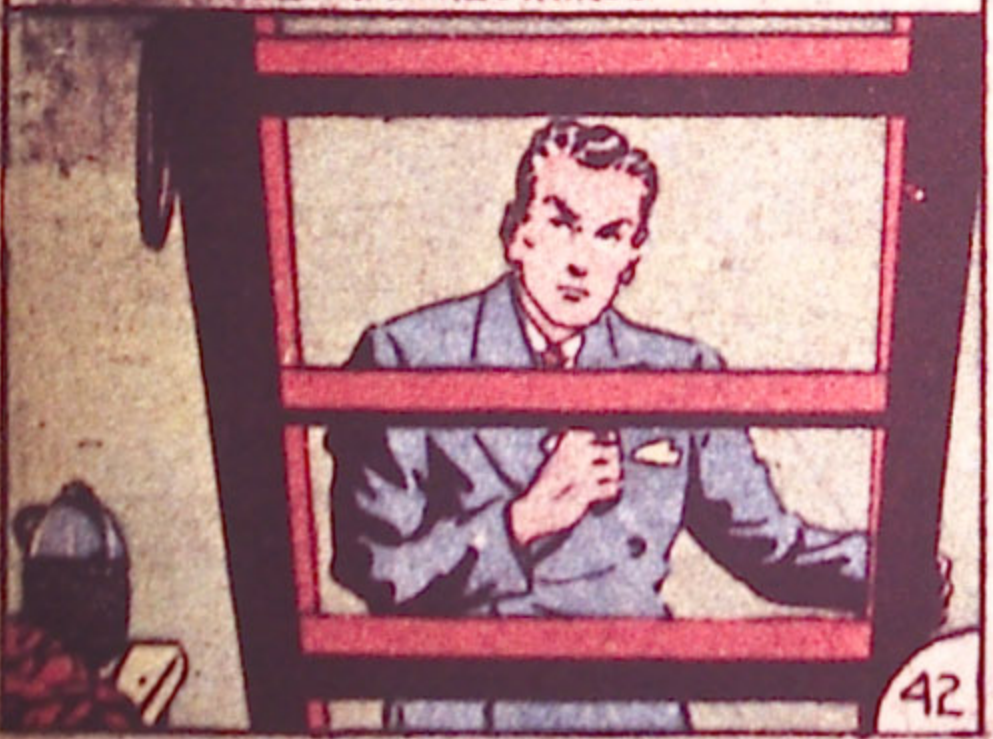
40

NELSON STARTED ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS THEM, THEN SUDDENLY STOPPED AND WHIRLED TOWARD THE STAIRS.



41

FOUR STEPS BANGED ACROSS THE FLOOR ABOVE. THE DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS CRASHED OPEN. NELSON GRABBED A GUN FROM THE FLOOR AND POINTED IT TOWARDS THE STAIRS.



42

HE HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF, FOR THE MEN WHO CAME INTO SIGHT WERE POLICEMEN.



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY.

43

THESE MUGS TRIED TO ROB KRAMER'S SAFE. I HAPPENED ALONG AND WITH A LITTLE LUCK AND THE HELP OF THE LORD I MANAGED TO SQUELCH THEM.

I'LL SAY YOU SQUELCHED THEM.

44

I'LL GO.

KRAMER GOT A NASTY CRACK ON THE HEAD. HIS PULSE ISN'T TOO GOOD. YOU HAD BETTER SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE.

45

AND SO, WHILE ONE OFFICER TORE UP STAIRS TO SUMMON AN AMBULANCE, NELSON TOLD THE STORY OF THE GUN BATTLE TO THE OTHER ONE.



46

—AND SO WHEN I SNAPPED ON THE FLASHLIGHT I SAW THAT THESE TWO MEN WERE UNDER A SHELF. I SAW A JUG ON THE SHELF. IT HAD THE LABEL OF A POWERFUL CLEANING ACID THAT KRAMER USES. I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO HIT IT WITH MY LAST BULLET. THEY WERE UNDER IT WHEN IT SPILLED. I GUESS THEY'RE PRETTY BADLY BURNED. — HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



47

SOMEONE HEARD THE SHOOTING AND CALLED HEADQUARTERS. WE BEAT IT DOWN HERE JUST IN TIME TO GRAB A GUY BOLTING FROM THE STORE. BUT SAY—HOW'D YOU FIGURE IT WAS A PHONY SET UP.




48

BY THESE — THAT FELLOW UPSTAIRS SAID KRAMER HAD GONE TO BUFFALO TO HIS DAUGHTER'S FUNERAL. I KNEW KRAMER NEVER HAD A DAUGHTER — AND ALSO, KRAMER USES GLASSES FREQUENTLY AND HE WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE TO BUFFALO AND LEFT THEM LYING ON THE COUNTER.



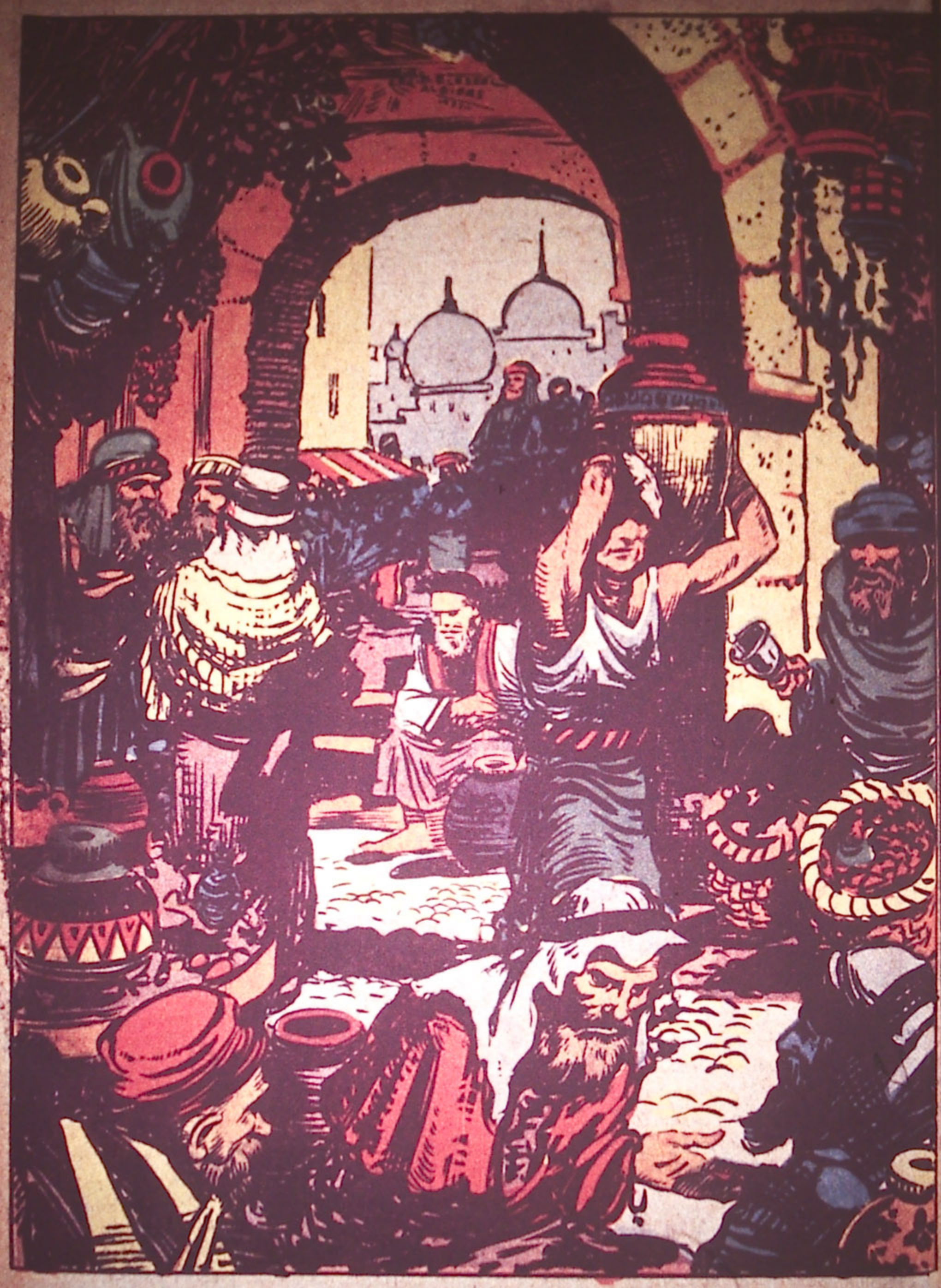
49



BOY, YOUR LAST SLUG DID MORE
DAMAGE THAN A MACHINE-GUN.

WELL OFFICER, I'LL
LEAVE THE REST IN YOUR
HANDS AND BID YOU
GOOD NIGHT. I HAVE
A DATE AT NINE O'CLOCK.

FOLLOW ANOTHER
BRUCE NELSON
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE



INCIDENT IN ALGIERS

by Whitney Ellsworth

THE Arab boatmen lay down on their oars, and the little boat idled in the middle of the bay.

Softly across the water came the plaintive, musical voice of the mezzin, singing his appeal to Allah from atop a minaret that soared itself, like a shaft of alabaster, above the hovels of the North African city.

"Allah Akbar . . . there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet . . ."

Sergeant Bill Gaines of the New York police watched and listened, enthralled at his first contact with these strange people: a people so, no matter how bloodthirsty and savage they might be, never led to kneel upon their prayer mats at sunset, heads bowed to the east, to chant their supplications to Allah, and Mohammed, his prophet.

"Allah Akbar . . . Allah Akbar . . ."

The mysticism of the Orient invaded the being of Bill Gaines, and he thought: "Because I'm not Mohammedan, because I'm an Unbeliever, any one of these fellows would gladly slip a knife between my ribs, secure in his belief that to kill an Unbeliever meant a sure one-way ticket to heaven for him when the time came."

It wasn't a pleasant feeling, but Bill had been face to face with death many times, and he knew, too, that the authority of the French government held the more murderous of the Arabs and Algerians in hand.

Behind him lay the liner he had just quitted—his last contact with America and things which he knew about and understood. Ahead lay mystery and grave danger—a

search for a murderer wanted in New York. The arm of the Law is certainly long, thought Gaines, when it reaches across thousands of miles of trackless ocean after an enemy of Society, and he felt the grave responsibility which had been invested in him. It was up to him to collar his man and to deliver him to the State of New York; Bill Gaines meant to do just that or to die in the attempt. . . .





The man is a marvel; I'll guarantee that when you walk out of this building you will be so completely an Arab in appearance that not even a real Arab would be able to penetrate your disguise."

"Unless I attempted to talk to him in Arabic," laughed Gaines.

"Your best defense against that, as I told you before," answered Dubois, "is to play the part of a deaf mute; there are hundreds of them in Algiers, and they are looked upon almost with reverence, being unfortunately handicapped."

• • • • •

Half an hour later a bent figure ambled from a side door of the prefecture, shrouded in dirty robes and hooded with a coarse burnoose. The man's face was deeply bronzed, as from generations of searing sunlight, and his brown hands tapered to irregular finger nails which seemed to house the dirt of years. The man's yellowed teeth held a tube-like native cigarette.

"I don't mind the disguise so much," Bill Gaines told himself, "though it doesn't make me smell like a lily; but these cigarettes are pretty terrible. I'd give a month's pay if I could have taken along my pipe!"

He pressed his elbows against his sides, and felt the reassuring bulge of two automatics strapped about his waist beneath the loose-fitting robes.

Out of the foreign settlement he walked, and into the crowded bazaars of the native quarter. He had often heard that the people of the East loved noise, but he had never imagined that it would be anything like this. Bargaining merchants screamed at each other in high voices, and even casual conversation was carried on in shouts. Carts rumbled over the uneven cobbles, tinware rattled and jingled. Gaines found it difficult to maintain the pose of being deaf. Too, his nostrils were assailed by an almost unbelievable mixture of sickening odors. Refuse lay heaped in the narrow streets, and from the unwashed bodies of the natives was exuded a fetid, penetrating stench that lingered in the nostrils, growing stronger and more unbearable with each passing moment. Beasts of burden, their hides matted and unkempt, staggered in lathers of perspiration beneath gargantuan loads, and naked children scuttled about stealing morsels of sweets from the loudly complaining keepers of the bazaars.

For many hours Bill Gaines padded through the heat and bustle of the North African city, watching, listening, trying to attune himself to the tempo of his surroundings.

THEN, suddenly, from around a turn in the narrow street, came sounds louder than any of the others. Urchins scudded around the bend, shouting in excitement and looking back over their shoulders. Presently appeared a tall, distinguished-looking Algerian, dressed in rich robes, picking his way daintily along the filthy street. Four Nubians, naked to the waist and their bodies glistening with oil, held a canopy over

the head of the central figure of the little pageant, and strung out behind them were a dozen or more jabbering Arabs, each trying to gain the ear of the tall man, who walked on unconcerned, nodding with lofty dignity to an occasional booth-keeper, who basked in the recognition of the celebrity.

Gaines flattened himself against the wall to let the entourage pass, himself enthralled by the sight of this majestic figure. Then, as the tall man passed in profile, Gaines drew in his breath sharply. With a moustache on that well-formed upper lip, a little putty in the narrow nostrils, and the hair a different color, this man might well be Ali Singh, the very man for whom Bill Gaines was searching.

His reason told him that such a man as this could hardly be the man who had gone to America to commit a murder of revenge. Still, the resemblance was there. . . .

From the opposite direction had come a tall Frenchman in the uniform of the Foreign Legion, and with him a lady, evidently an English sightseer. Excitedly she spoke to her companion:

"How perfectly thrilling! A real Algerian nabob, you say? But why are all the people making such a terrific fuss about him?"

"Because," answered the Frenchman in precise English, "he has been ill to the point of death, and this is his first appearance in public since his recovery. He has been confined to his own house for several months."

Confined to his house for several months, eh? thought Gaines. Suppose that were merely a ruse? Couldn't it be possible that he had given out news of his illness merely to give himself opportunity to go away for a few months, possibly to America to attend to a little matter of revenge? These fellows, Bill had heard, prefer to take care of such things personally, rather than to delegate the job to an underling.

At any rate he decided that the hunch was worth following. He fell into the little procession and moved down the street with them, reaching out his filthy paw to the tall man as though begging for alms. For some time the other ignored him completely, then suddenly dropped a gold coin into Gaines' hand. Bill bowed and grovelled in thanks, and the man poured an avalanche of Arabic speech at him. Grinning inanely, and nodding his head rapidly, Bill pointed to his own mouth and ears as sign that he was a deaf mute. The tall man looked at him compassionately and tossed him another coin. After which it was apparent to Bill that he had been dismissed. He retreated to the end of the procession.

Caution told him to return to Lieutenant Dubois, to get help, but he hated, like all hunters, to let the quarry out of his sight once he had flushed it. To carry on alone, he knew, was foolhardy and dangerous, but he knew, too, that carry on he would, even if it cost him his life.

Slowly the little procession wound through the streets, stopping, at last,

LIEUTENANT DUBOIS shook hands warmly with Gaines. "Of course, Sergeant," he said, "you can count on the fullest cooperation from us in your search, though I must say it seems almost futile. A man, especially a native of this part of the world, can lose himself completely in the crowded throngs of humanity here in Algiers. Your quest would seem—to use an Americanism—like the proverbial search for a needle in a haystack!"

Bill smiled. "That's true, Lieutenant, but one way or another I've got to find this fellow. He's unusually tall, and that's a hard physical attribute to disguise; too, I've always had a knack for penetrating disguises, and I've looked at enough pictures of Singh in the Rogues Gallery to be able to pick him out of a crowd of even tall men. Of course a little luck would help, too."

"Do you want me to detail a couple of men to you," asked the Frenchman, "or do you prefer to work alone?"

"For the time being, at least, I'll work alone, thanks. I'll have a prow around the city and try to get into the swing of things here."

"As you wish," said Dubois, "but whatever you do, let me caution you against trying to do the whole job alone if you should come upon any sort of a lead. And now, if you're ready, we will step down the hall and visit Anton.

before a grilled iron door set in a high wall of a delicate shade of pink stucco. There was a pause as one of the tall Algerian's men turned a massive key in the lock of the gate, and then the procession filed through.

GAINES kept his place in the line, but just as he was about to pass through the arch a powerful guard seized him roughly and pushed him back with a voluble stream of what Gaines supposed were curses. The tall man turned to see what the trouble was, and strode swiftly back to the gate. He poured a volley of words at the guard, and then politely ushered Bill Gaines into the courtyard.

The court was alive with tropical flowers and shrubs whose beauty fairly brought gasps from the American, but he retained his dull-eyed, shuffling manner. His mind was filled with doubts, but he followed unquestioningly as the tall man led the way into a building whose chambers were hung with rich brocades and damasks. Servants hovered noiselessly about. Progressing through a series of rooms, they came at last to one larger than the rest, at the far end of which was a recess in which dozens of multi-colored cushions formed a soft, luxuriant pile. The tall man dropped languidly upon them, and spoke to his followers. One of them grasped Bill's arm and pointed to the nabob, signifying that he wished Bill to remain in the room. Then all the others departed.

The tall man smiled at Bill—and a tingling sensation ran up and down the detective's spine. He smiled back foolishly, as he supposed a beggar would smile at a great man in this country. Then the tall man spoke—in perfect English:

"I am honored to have you in my house, Sergeant Gaines," he said.

In spite of himself, Gaines started violently.

The smile grew broader on the Algerian's face. "You are surprised that I know you? I will admit that your disguise is little short of perfect, but not quite perfect enough to mislead my agents. You see, you have been followed since the moment you left America; a man in my position can take no chances."

Gaines shrugged. "Well, that's that. Here I am; what's next on the program?"

"Unfortunately," the tall man said, "I fear that your death will be next, as you say, on the program. You are a brave man, but a foolhardy one; you must certainly have realized the danger of following me into my own house."

"I took a gamble, and I seem to have lost," Bill said simply. "But for my own satisfaction, would you mind telling me why you went all the way to the States to kill a man—and a white man, not of your race, at that?"

"I will tell you with pleasure, Sergeant. It is a very simple story. I am, you see, the head of a secret society; the purposes of this society we need not go into—suffice it to say that its purposes are not what people in your

position would term—shall we say?—honest. It goes a little deeper than that, of course, into matters concerning world politics. I am the head of that organization, and one day, Allah willing, I shall be the ruler of two hemispheres!"

A mad gleam came into his eyes.

"The man is mad!" Gaines told himself. Aloud he said: "You aim to rule the world?"

"Yes!"

"But the trip to America?" asked Gaines. "You haven't yet told me—"

"Ah, yes. The man was a traitor; naturally he had to be destroyed. I see that you wonder why I, myself, had to be the instrument of destruction; I will tell you. This man was so high in the organization—second only to me, in fact—that it would have been beneath his dignity to die at the hands of a lesser person. So naturally it was my duty."

"Pretty fancy," smiled Gaines, "when the caste-system enters into murder."

"An ugly word, Sergeant. Still . . ." The Algerian smiled again . . . "you will have the honor, also, of dying at the hands of the same man. I do you this honor in recognition of your courage and enterprise."

"Thanks," said Bill dryly, "but I'm going to try to defer that honor!"

LIKE a flash of lightning his hand darted into the folds of his robe and came out gripping an ugly-looking automatic. He levelled it at the body of the tall Algerian. The other shook his head sadly.

"A pistol shot would bring all my men into this room in an instant," he said.

"At least you would be out of the way!" Gaines hissed.

"That would be unfortunate," admitted the other, "for there is nobody ready at this time to carry on my work. However, Sergeant Gaines, I know the character of the Northern peoples; it would be impossible, according to your code, for you to shoot an unarmed man in cold blood."

Gaines said: "Normally, yes; but in dealing with a madman, and when it comes to saving my own life, I'd have no hesitation whatever about pulling this trigger! If you're at all interested in saving your own life for even a little while, you'll walk out of this place with me without raising an alarm. Remember that as we walk I'll have the gun pointed at you from under my robe. Let's go!"





feet as it fell. Swiftly Bill stooped and picked up his sword; when his bullets were gone he'd try to show these chaps a few things about sword-play, he assured himself.

Again he pulled the trigger of one of his guns as another guard bore down upon him, but there was only a click. Empty! He hurled the useless weapon with all his force at the head of the rushing native. It took him flush on the chin, like a smashing right hook in a boxing match, and the man toppled to the ground. There was one more shot in Bill's other gun, and he spent it on another of the enemy. Then he grasped the long-handled sword in both hands.

"All right, you coyotes!" he yelled; "come on!"

The ring closed in, more rapidly now, and Bill Gaines found himself cutting and hacking with the sword like a maniac. He felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder, but had no time to worry about it. Sweat poured from his face in torrents, and his unfamiliar robes hampered his movements. Somewhere in his consciousness he thought he heard a dull pounding. He supposed it was his own blood hammering through his bursting head. A sea of angry faces surrounded him, threatening to engulf him at every moment, but doggedly he fought on. The pounding sound persisted.

Then, suddenly, he found no resistance; the wide wings of his sword found no enemy flesh to bite; the ring of faces receded. Gaines wiped the back of his hand across his sweat-filled eyes, and saw that the court was filled with the uniforms of the French Foreign Legion.

Lieutenant Dubois advanced toward him.

"They raise hardy policemen in New York, I see," he smiled. "You have caught yourself a big bird, Sergeant;

The thought: "Somehow he managed to get a message to his men!" flashed through Bill's mind. The court was alive with a horde of menacing figures who ringed around him with hate-filled eyes, grasping long, curved swords and wavy-bladed daggers.

"No guns," Bill said to himself. "They don't want any noise."

As the circle closed in on him he aimed deliberately at one of the men and pulled the trigger of his automatic. There was a sharp, staccato report and with a cry of pain the man pitched forward on his face and lay still.

FOR just a moment the others hesitated, then closed in again. Bill blazed away with both guns, not wasting a shot. He knew that he hadn't enough bullets to take care of them all, but he was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The tall Algerian, he noticed, had taken refuge in a shallow niche in the wall, where Bill's bullets could not reach him. He doubtless considered his own life too valuable to risk in such a simple task as the killing of one enemy.

One man, bolder than the rest, rushed Bill. Gaines waited until the man was almost upon him before he fired. The guard took a bullet between the eyes, but his momentum carried him on; his lifeless body almost knocked Bill off his

The Algerian shrugged and rose from the cushions. As he walked toward the door his foot touched a board that seemed to give ever so slightly beneath the pressure of his weight—so slightly, indeed, that Bill Gaines' sharp eye did not so much as notice it.

Together they walked in the direction from which they had come a few minutes earlier, through richly-carved arches and luxurious rooms, and ever Bill's gun pointed remorselessly toward the tall man through the folds of his burnoose. They passed numbers of the Algerian's servants, but they were not greeted by so much as a word from their stony-faced Master.

At last, turning a corner, Gaines and his prisoner came to the door which gave onto the courtyard, and as they passed through it a wave of premonition swept over the detective. As lithely as a panther he ducked low and jumped to the left as a huge blade swung through the air where, a moment before, his head had been.



certainly nobody in Algiers would have suspected your man."
"But how—?"
"I was a little worried about your going through the streets alone," apologized the Frenchman, "so I took the liberty of assigning a couple of our men

to follow you. When they saw you enter here they immediately reported to me, and I threw a ring of men around the place. Then, when we heard your pistol shots, we broke down the gates and entered."
"And mighty lucky for me, too," said Bill. "I was about at the end of my rope."
"Speaking of ropes," said Dubois, "I suppose your prisoner will soon be gracing the end of one back in America. The extradition papers are a mere formality."

Bill shook his head. "I'm afraid we'll never get him at the end of a rope," he said.
Dubois was astounded. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that after chasing a man halfway around the world you haven't enough evidence to hang him?"
"Oh, we've got plenty of evidence," Bill said, "but we'll never hang him. You see, we use the electric chair in New York!"
Dubois grinned broadly.
"Ah, you Americans!" he said. "You are always making jokes!"

THE END

THE WILLOW LANE MYSTERY

BY ALGER

NOW GO AHEAD AND
TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW!

WELL - IT
WOZ LIKE
THIS -



- IN WILLOW LANE, A WILD AND
LONELY SPOT, LIVED THE AGED
AND ECCENTRIC CLUGSTON
BROTHERS -



- ANDREW CLUGSTON WAS AN INVALID -
THE BROTHERS LIVED MOST
UNHAPPILY - RAILING AT
ONE ANOTHER
DAY AFTER DAY -



HERE'S
YOUR
BREAKFAST -
WHO YOU
DON'T
DESERVE
ANY!!

- THEY LIVED QUITE
ALONE, THOMAS
DOING THE WORK -



- SCARCELY ANYONE EVER SAW
THE CLUGSTONS SAVE
BEN MORGAN, WHO FETCHED
THEM SUPPLIES FROM HIS
CROSSROADS STORE -



- THE BROTHERS WERE JOINT OWNERS
OF A GREAT TREASURE OF GOLD,
HIDDEN IN THE WILD HILLS NEARBY -
WHICH EACH COVETED FOR HIMSELF
ALONE - THE DIRECTIONS TO THE
TREASURE WERE VERY INTRICATE
AND SECRETED IN THE HOUSE -



I SEE -



— THOMAS LOVED THE RIGORS OF WINTER WOULD FINISH ANDREW — INSTEAD ANDREW IMPROVED — SO THOMAS, HIS GREED NOW CONTROLLING HIM, WENT INTO THE HILLS TO STEAL THE CACHE, ONLY TO FIND IT GONE !!

BAH!

IT WILL DELIGHT YOU ZITTLE TO LEARN I'M STRONGER! HEH-HEH!

ONLY THE BROTHERS HAD THE DIRECTIONS — WITHOUT WHICH THE GOLD COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN FOUND — SUSPICION, THUS, POINTED TO ANDREW — BUT HE WAS PRACTICALLY BEDRIDDEN AND HAD NO TOUCH WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD EXCEPT THE ORDERS FOR SUPPLIES THAT HE WROTE TO MORGAN —

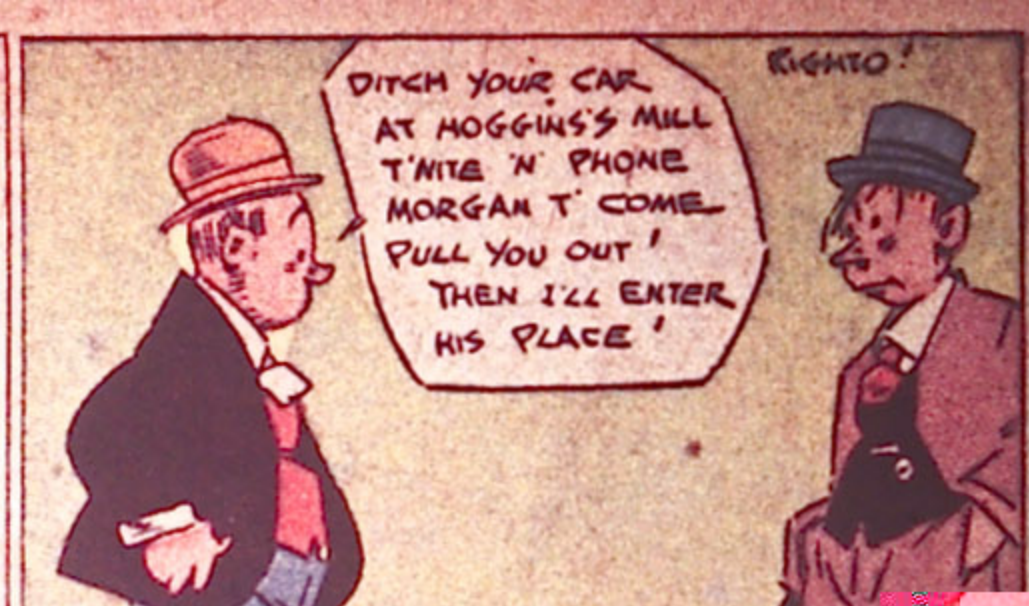
SAY NO MORE AND LEAVE THINGS TO ME!

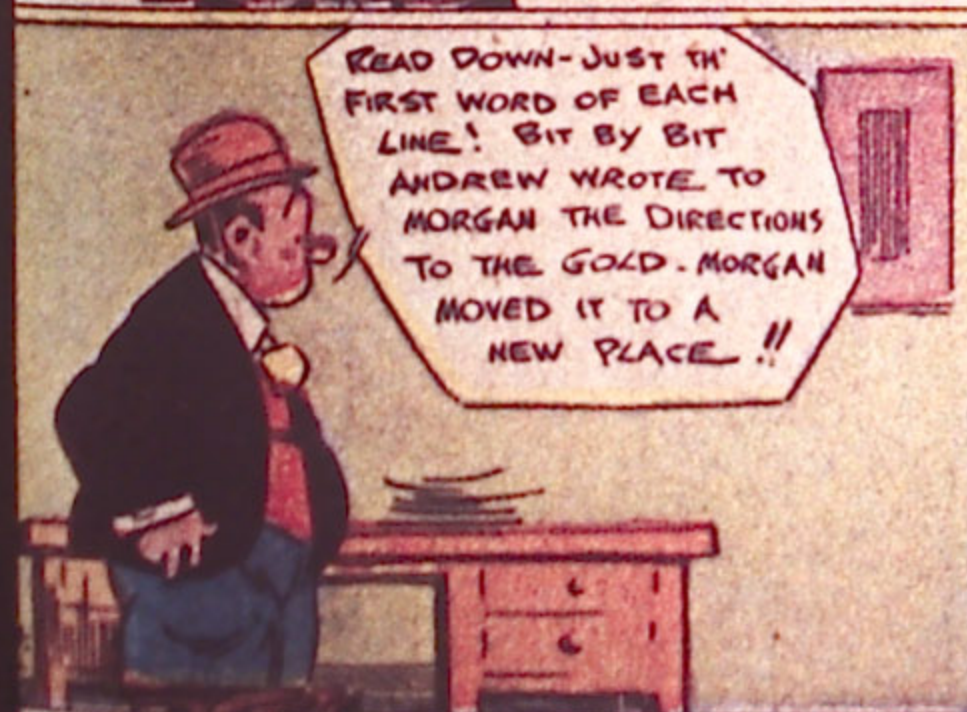
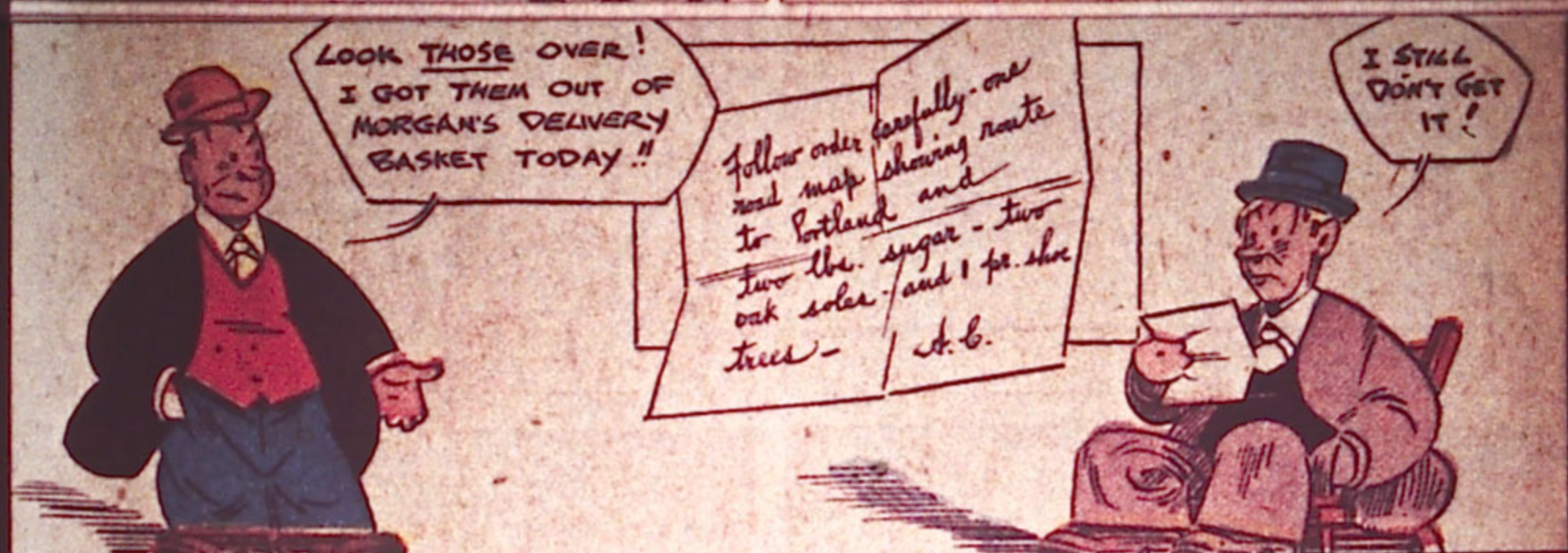
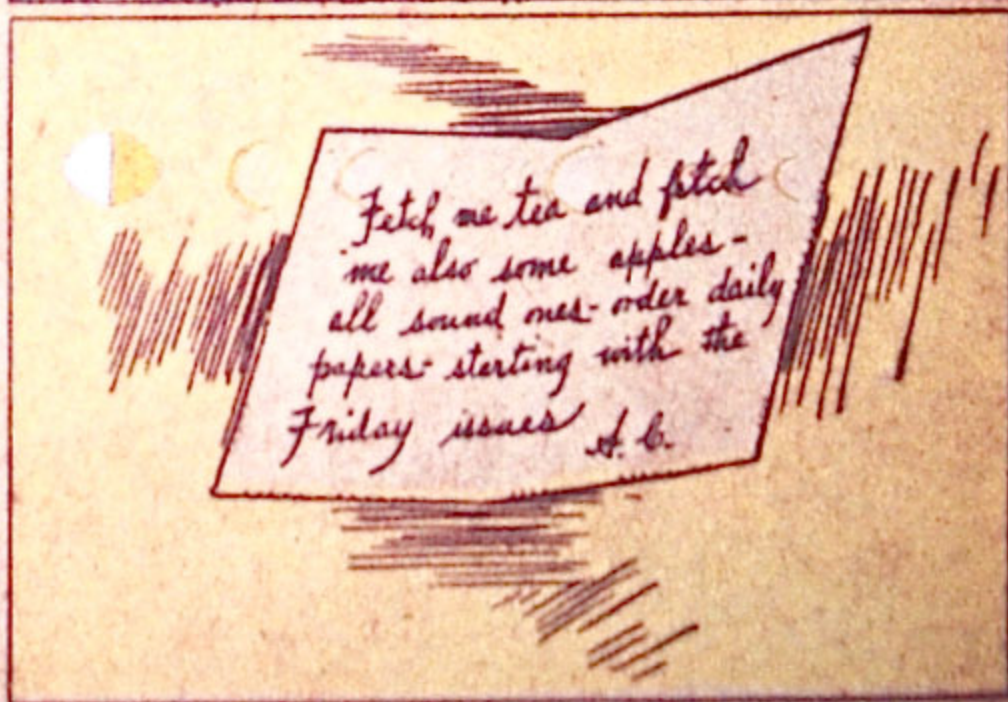
WHILE MORGAN'S OUT TONITE SEARCH HIS PLACE FOR PAPERS!

OKEY DOKEY! CHIEF!

?

NOPE - NOPE - THESE'RE NOT WHAT I WANT!





SPY

SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER.



DAILY THE ATLANTIS DOCKS AT FRANCE, AND ITS PASSENGERS EAGERLY CROWD DOWN THE GANG-PLANK!

YES, WE'RE
SALLY AND
BART.

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE.
I'M THE PARIS
MANAGER OF THE
U.S. SECRET
SERVICE



I SUPPOSE YOU
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED ON
THE BOAT OVER

WE CAPTURED
AN ANARCHIST
WHO TRIED TO
BLOW UP THE
SHIP!

YES,
I KNOW.



FOR YOUR INFORMATION
I AM IN REALITY A COLLEAGUE
OF THAT ANARCHIST --
AND YOU TWO SHALL PAY
FOR CAUSING HIS
CAPTURE!



A MOMENT
LATER
THE CAR
STOPS...

SALLY AND
BART ARE
FORCED OUT
AT PISTOL'S
POINT!

BART!--
HERE COMES
A GENDARME!

WHAT NOW,
MY MURDEROUS
FRIEND?

LOWER YOUR
HANDS! AND IF
EITHER OF YOU
TRY TO PULL
ANYTHING.



A THOUSAND PARDONS,
MONSIEUR... BUT
COULD I SELL YOU
A TICKET TO THE
NATIONAL LOTTERY?

CERTAINLY.
HERE, I'LL TAKE
ONE.

AND YOU?

YEAH, I'LL TAKE
ONE TOO! BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO
ACCEPT AMERICAN
CURRENCY.



AFTER THE
GENDARME
DEPARTS,
BART AND
SALLY ARE
DIRECTED
TO CLIMB
THE STAIRS
OF A NEARBY
RAMSHACKLE
BARN.

I'M WATCHING YOU
CLOSELY! ONE FALSE
MOVE AND I'LL
SHOOT!

WHAT DIFFERENCE
DOES IT MAKE
IF HE SHOOTS US
NOW OR A FEW
MINUTES LATER?

CAN'T YOU TALK
ABOUT SOMETHING
MORE CHEERFUL?
-- ROTTEN WEATHER
WE'RE HAVING,
ISN'T IT?



UPON
REACHING
THE LANDING,
WITH A
SWIFT MOVE-
MENT BART
TOSSES SALLY
BEHIND SOME
BOXES, AND
LEAPS
BESIDE HER!

**STOP! OR
I'LL FIRE!**

**QUICK! BEHIND
THOSE BOXES!**

**I'M PRACTICALLY
THERE RIGHT
NOW!**

**IDIOTS! THERE'S NO
ESCAPE FOR YOU! --
YOU'LL BE DEAD
IN A FEW MOMENTS!**

**MOMENTS OF UTTER SILENCE...
THEN SUDDENLY THE QUIET IS
SHATTERED BY A LOUD, TRIUMPH-
ANT LAUGH! LIFTING THEIR EYES,
THE TWO AMERICANS GLIMPSE THEIR
FOE ON THE RAFTERS ABOVE THEM.
AT THAT INSTANT THE
ANARCHIST FIRES!**

12

**GOOD GOSH!
HE'S CREEPING
UP... LIKE A
JUNGLE BEAST!**

**QUIET! --
HE WON'T GET
US WITHOUT
STRUGGLE!**

DOWN!

**WE HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!**

AT THE SAME INSTANT ANOTHER
SHOT BLENDS WITH THE
REPORT! THE ANARCHIST'S
BULLET GOES WILD -- AND
WITH AN AGONIZED SHRIEK
HE PITCHES DOWNWARD IN ITS
WAKE!

13



ARE YOU
SAFE?

I'LL SAY!
BOY, YOU CAME
JUST IN TIME!

BUT---



-- BUT HOW DID YOU
KNOW WE WERE IN
DANGER? AND HOW
DID YOU MANAGE TO
SHOW UP SO
CONVENIENTLY?



VERY SIMPLE, SALLY!
INSTEAD OF HANDING THE
GENDARME CURRENCY
I PRESENTED HIM WITH
A CIGAR COUPON!

AS SOON AS I
LEARNED, I FOLLOW-
ED TO COLLECT
THE AMOUNT
OWED!

BART, YOU DARLING!
YOU DESERVE TO
COLLECT SOMETHING
TOO! IF YOU'RE
BASHFUL, I'LL ASK
THE GENDARME TO
TURN HIS BACK!



THE END

Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



- IN THE BAG -

THE GREY DAWN IS REDDENING AND THE SUN RISING ABOVE THE PINE COVERED RIDGES, WHEN BUCK HEADS HIS HORSE OVER THE TREACHEROUS LEDGE TRAIL THAT SHORTENS THE DISTANCE TO SAGE CITY BY FIVE MILES.



AS THE TRAIL TWISTS AROUND A PROJECTING MASS OF ROCK, HE REINS IN ABRUPTLY, AS HE NOTICES A SHEET OF PAPER TACKED TO A TREE NEARBY.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT, BUCK SWINGS INTO THE TRAIL AGAIN, HEADING FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.



ARRIVING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BUCK TELLS OF SEEING THE POSTER AND ASKS FOR PARTICULARS.

"HANK TUTHILL, OWNER OF THE X2, A SMALL SPREAD, DISCOVERED THE BODY AND CAME AND TOLD ME ABOUT IT!"

SHERIFF, SOME SKUNK HAS PUT A BULLET IN JACK BRUCE'S HEAD - I JUST DISCOVERED HIS BODY IN HIS CABIN.



"TUTHILL WENT WITH ME TO THE CABIN - WE FOUND BRUCE SLUMPED OVER A TABLE IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW - HE HAD BEEN SHOT IN THE TEMPLE - AN INK BOTTLE AND PEN LAY ON THE TABLE BUT THERE WAS NOTHING WRITTEN"

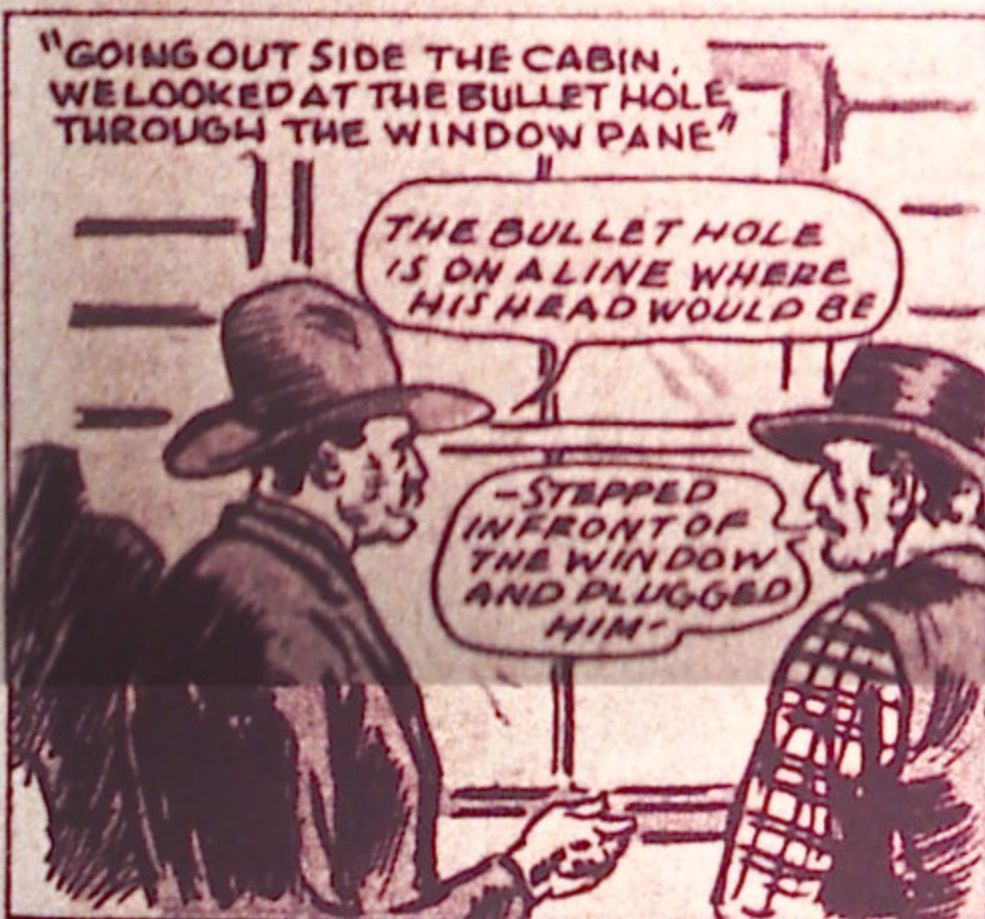
HE'S UNARMED - A COLD-BLOODED MURDER!



"GOING OUTSIDE THE CABIN, WE LOOKED AT THE BULLET HOLE THROUGH THE WINDOW PANE"

THE BULLET HOLE IS ON A LINE WHERE HIS HEAD WOULD BE

- STEPPED IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW AND PLUGGED HIM -



"I FOUND TRACKS WHERE THE KILLER HAD STOOD OPPOSITE THE WINDOW - NEARBY, I PICKED UP A SHELL"

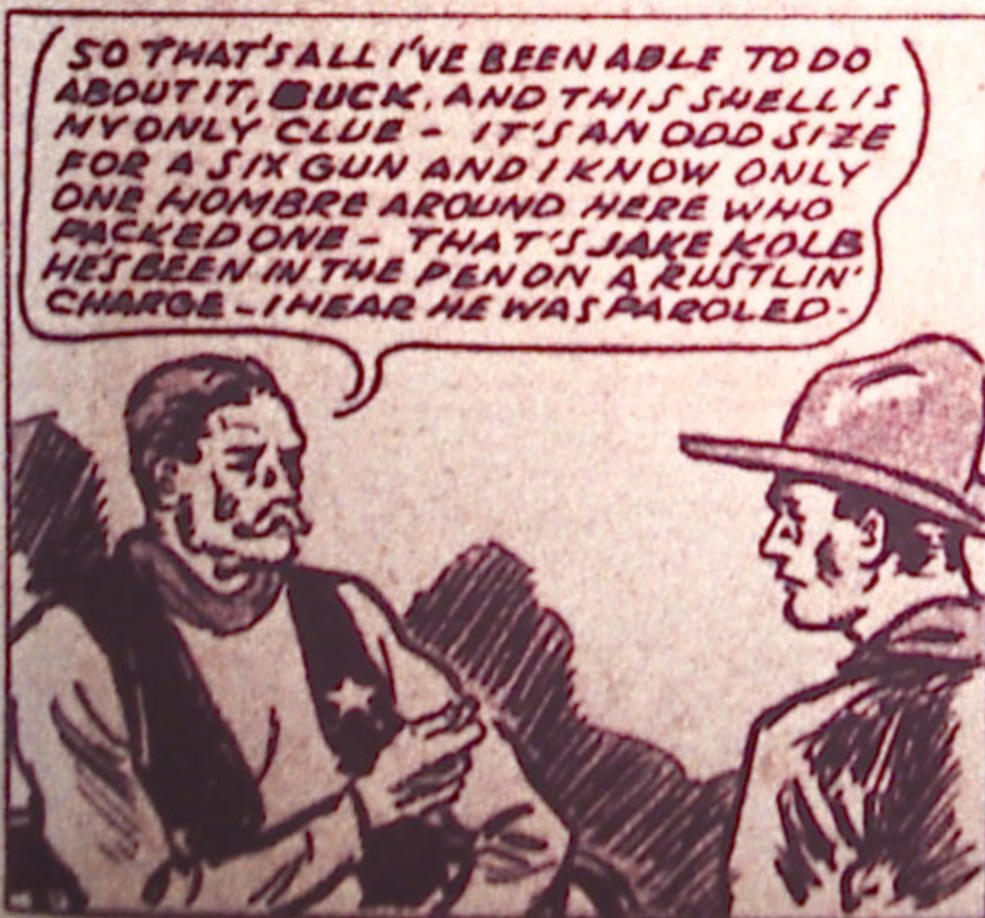
IT'S A 38-40 THAT'S AN ODD SIZE FOR A SIX GUN IN THESE PARTS



SO THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO ABOUT IT, BUCK, AND THIS SHELL IS MY ONLY CLUE - IT'S AN ODD SIZE FOR A SIX GUN AND I KNOW ONLY ONE HOMBRE AROUND HERE WHO PACKED ONE - THAT'S JAKE KOLB HE'S BEEN IN THE PEN ON A RUSTLIN' CHARGE - I HEAR HE WAS PAROLED.

THIS SHELL MAY BE AN IMPORTANT CLUE - WHAT WOULD BE KOLB'S MOTIVE

IT WAS MAINLY FROM EVIDENCE DUG UP BY BRUCE THAT KOLB WAS CONVICTED - IT MIGHT BE REVENGE!



I'M GOING TO
LOCATE KOLB
AND QUESTION HIM

DON'T BRING HIM IN
UNTIL I'VE LOOKED
AROUND THE CABIN.
I'LL KEEP THIS
SHELL FOR
A WHILE



I'LL BE LUCKY, IF THE
SIGNS ARE NOT
BLOTTED OUT



LEAVING THE SHERIFF, BUCK SWINGS
INTO THE SADDLE AND HEADS FOR THE
SLAIN DEPUTY'S CABIN —

IF HE USED A SIX-GUN, HE'D
HAVE TO STAND OUT IN THE OPEN —
THERE'S NO COVER WITHIN 50 YARDS.



WHEN BUCK REACHES THE CABIN, HE
LOOKS AROUND OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW
AND TAKES A FEW MEASUREMENTS —

THERE'S CONSIDERABLE
SOFT GROUND HERE — THE
TRACKS ARE PLAIN — THE
KILLER WORE FLAT
HEEL BOOTS



FINDING SOME FOOT PRINTS, HE FOLLOWS
THEM TO THE EDGE OF AN ENTANGLEMENT
OF TREES AND BRUSH SOME DISTANCE,
OPPOSITE THE CABIN —

THIS IS IN A DIRECT
LINE WITH THE
WINDOW —
HE STOOD
HERE FOR
A LONG
TIME —
WAITING!



STOPPING AT THE BASE OF A TREE,
WHERE THE GROUND IS WELL TRAMPLED,
HE LOOKS BACK TO THE CABIN —

NOW I'M CERTAIN THE KILLER FIRED
FROM HERE WITH A RIFLE — HERE'S
WHERE THE GUN BARREL HAS RUBBED
THE BARK —





N.A.CO. 38-40-
THAT'S A NEW ONE
ON ME- WONDER
WHAT CONCERN
MANUFACTURES
THEM- IT ISN'T
ONE OF THE
STANDARD
BRANDS-

TAKING THE SHELL THAT THE SHERIFF
FOUND, FROM HIS POCKET, BUCK EXAMINES
IT VERY CAREFULLY-



THIS IS THE FIRST
REAL HUNCH THAT
I'VE HAD- I'LL ASK
THE GUNSMITH
IF HE KNOWS THAT
BRAND

GOING BACK TO HIS HORSE, HE LEAPS
INTO THE SADDLE AND STARTS FOR TOWN.



WHAT'S THE NAME
OF THE CONCERN
THAT MANUFACTURES
N.A.CO. CARTRIDGES?

ARRIVING IN TOWN BUCK GOES TO THE
GUN-SHOP AND ASKS THE GUN-SMITH
FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE SHELL-



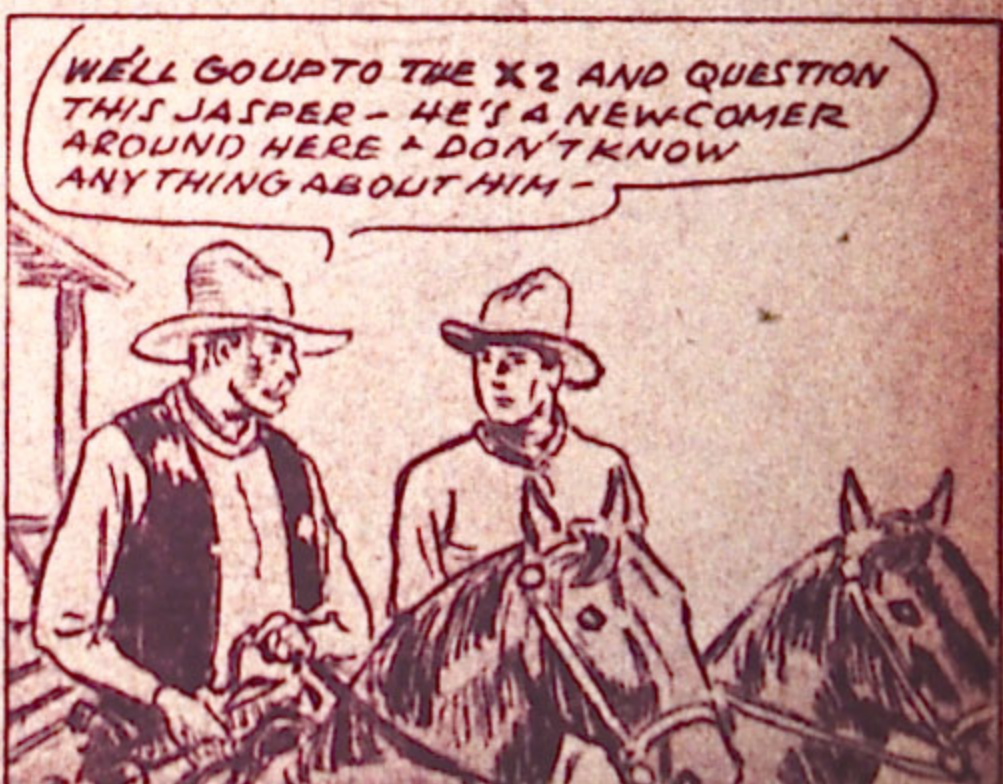
NORTHERN AMMUNITION CO. THEY'RE
OUT OF BUSINESS- I SOLD MY LAST BOX
OF 38-40S LAST WEEK TO
ZEKE BROWN UP AT THE X2
FOR HIS RIFLE



FIND OUT ANYTHING
BUCK?

QUITE A BIT SHERIFF
THAT SHELL YOU
PICKED UP IS A BRAND
THAT IS NO LONGER MADE-
ZEKE BROWN
OF THE X2
SPREAD GOT
THE LAST
BOX, A
FEW DAYS
AGO-

AS BUCK LEAVES THE GUN-SHOP, HE
MEETS THE SHERIFF-



WE'LL GO UP TO THE X2 AND QUESTION
THIS JASPER- HE'S A NEW-COMER
AROUND HERE- DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT HIM-

BUCK TELLS THE DETAILS OF HIS
TRIP TO THE CABIN-

HELLO ZEKE-IF YOU'VE GOT A MINUTE,I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU-



ARRIVING AT THE X2 RANCH, THE SHERIFF AND BUCK GO TO THE CORRAL. ZEKE BROWN IS JUST COMING OUT OF THE BUNK HOUSE -

ZEKE, A CARTRIDGE SHELL, MARKED N.A.CO 38-40, WAS FOUND NEAR JACK BRUCE'S CABIN - IT'S A BRAND THAT'S VERY RARE AROUND HERE, BUT YOU BOUGHT A BOX JUST RECENTLY



SURE, I BOUGHT A BOX THE OTHER DAY - USED TO GET 'EM IN MONTANA. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE - SOMEBODY TOOK 'EM YOU CAN'T PIN NO THIN' ON ME!



HELLO, SHERIFF - GLAD TO SEE YOU WHAT'S NEW?

I'M JUST CHECKING UP ON A BRAND OF CARTRIDGES, ZEKE'S BEEN USING!



AS THEY ARE TALKING HANK TUTHILL, THE X2 OWNER, RIDES IN AND LEAVING HIS HORSE WITH THE OTHERS, WALKS OVER -

NOW, IF I CAN GET OVER HERE WITHOUT BEING MISSED - I'M TAKING A CHANCE, BUT IT MAY BE WORTH IT!



WHILE THE SHERIFF IS BUSY TALKING TO TUTHILL AND ZEKE, BUCK STEPS OVER TO WHERE THE HORSES ARE STANDING -

THIS IS BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!



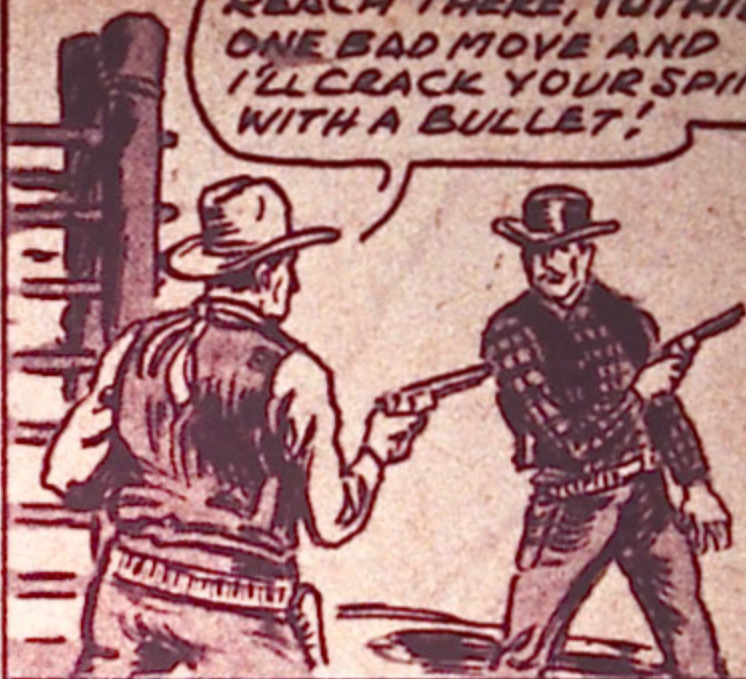
QUICKLY, TURNING TO A HORSE, CARRYING A GUN IN A SCABBARD ON THE SADDLE, HE REACHES IN THE SADDLE BAG AND PULLS OUT A BOX OF CARTRIDGES AND SOME PAPERS

PUT 'EM UP, ALLOF
YOU - I SAW THIS COYOTE
PLANTIN' EVIDENCE IN
MY SADDLE BAGS



GLANCING AT THE PAPERS, BUCK SHOVS
THEM BACK WITH THE CARTRIDGES -
THEN HE WALKS BACK TO WHERE THE
OTHERS ARE STANDING - SUDDENLY,
TUTHILL LEAPS ASIDE, AND DRAWS HIS GUN!

REACH THERE, TUTHILL.
ONE BAD MOVE AND
I'LL CRACK YOUR SPINE
WITH A BULLET!



AS HE BACKS TO HIS HORSE, KEEPING
HIS GUN ON THE OTHERS, ANOTHER
MAN STEPS FROM BEHIND THE CORNER
OF THE CORRAL -

TIE HIM UP, SHERIFF!
HE'S THE BUZZARD
YOU WANT FOR THE
MURDER OF JACK BRUCE



WELL, KOLB, I WAS
LOOKING FOR YOU -
BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT
YOU'D TURN UP THIS
WAY!

HE WAS TRYIN'
TO PIN THIS KILLING
ON ME SAME AS HE
DID THE RUSTLIN'
I SWORE I'D GET EVEN!



SHERIFF, ZEKE KNOWS NOTHING OF THE KILLING,
HE MERELY BOUGHT THE N.A.C.O. 38-40 CARTRIDGES,
WHICH TUTHILL STOLE TO USE IN HIS RIFLE TO FRAME
KOLB. EVERYBODY KNEW HE CARRIED AN OLD 38-40
SIX-GUN - JACK BRUCE HAD NEW EVIDENCE
IN THE RUSTLING MATTER. HE WAS
WRITING A REPORT, ACCUSING TUTHILL
WHEN HE WAS SHOT -



I SEE BUCK, AND YOU SAY
YOU BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF TUTHILL
A WHILE AGO WHEN YOU NOTICED
HE WORE LOW HEeled RIDING BOOTS -
WELL BUCK, THERE'S A REWARD OF
A THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THE
OFFICE AND I THINK I KNOW
YOU WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU'LL
GIVE JAKE KOLB A SLICE FOR
STEPPIN' IN AS HE DID!

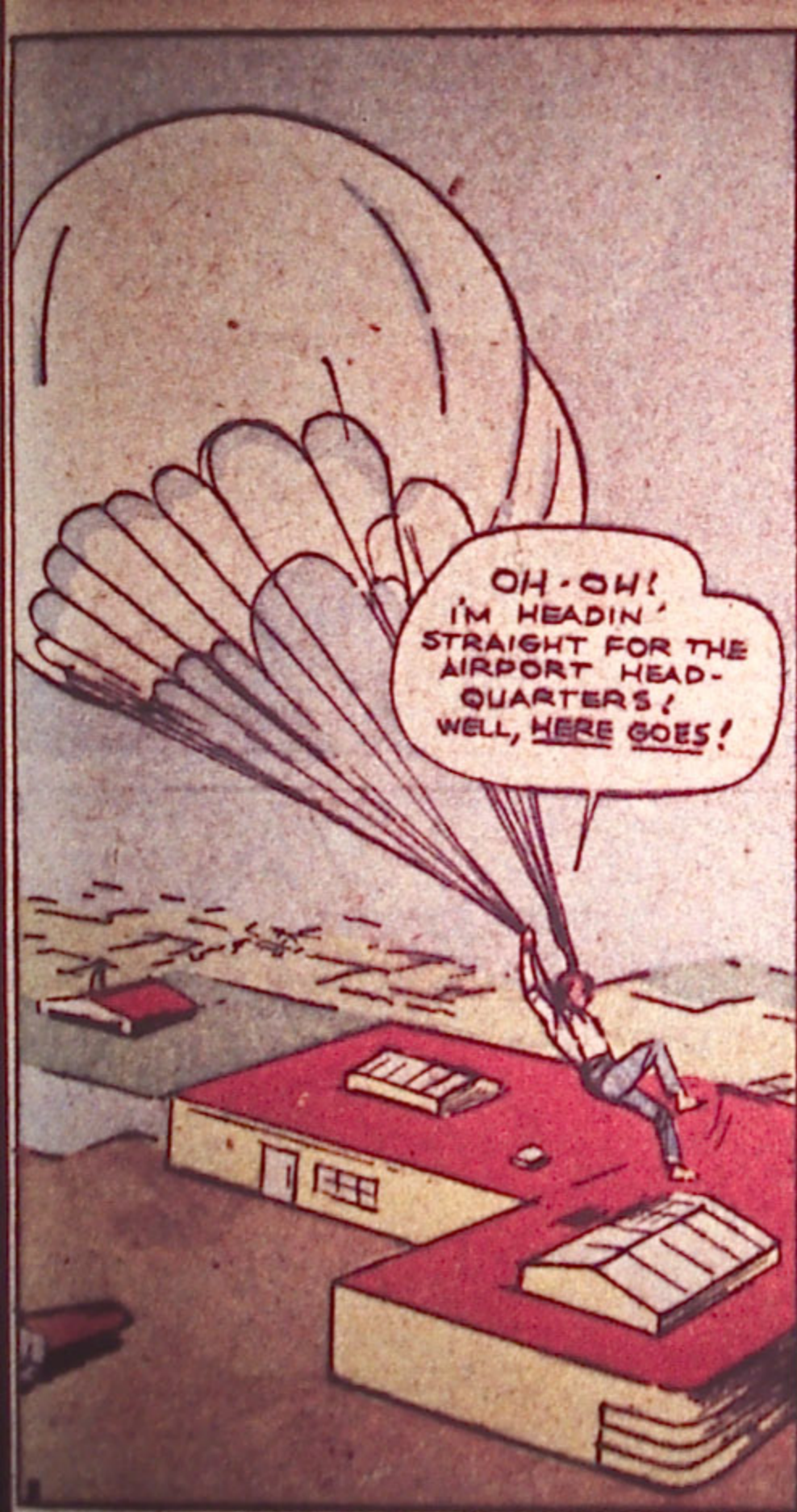
SLAM

BRADLEY

by
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

PARDON MY
KNUCKLES BUT YOUR
FACE SEEMS TO JUST
KEEP GETTIN' IN
TH' WAY!

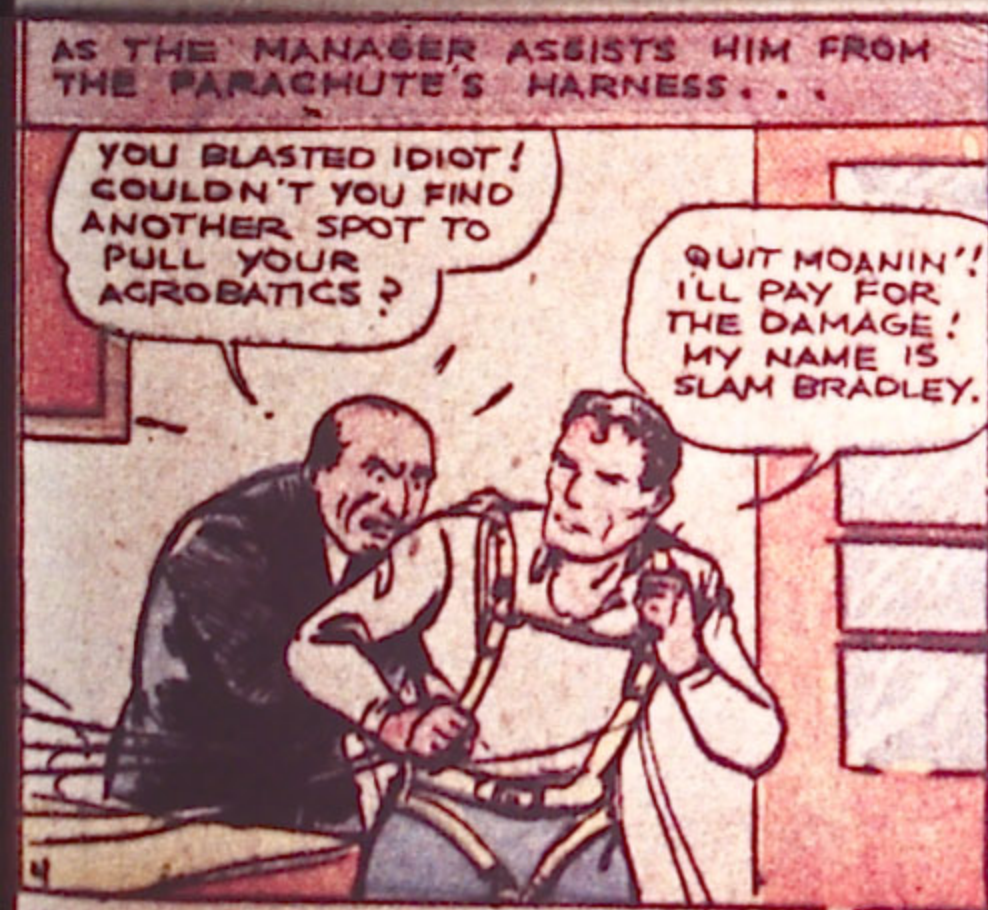
AGREEING TO BATTLE A FOE WITH ANY
WEAPONS, SLAM IS ASTONISHED BUT
ACCEPTS WHEN HIS OPPONENT SUGGESTS
A PARACHUTE-DUEL. — WHILE THEY
DANGLE PRECARIOUSLY ABOVE THE EARTH,
THE TWO TRADE BLOWS . . . BUT SLAM IS
VICTOR EVEN IN THIS STRANGE
ARRANGEMENT!



CRASH! -- DOWN THRU A GLASS SKYLIGHT HURTLIES SLAM -- AND A MOMENT LATER HE IS DANGLING HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED EYES OF THE AIRPORT MANAGER



AS THE MANAGER ASSISTS HIM FROM THE PARACHUTE'S HARNESS...



SLAM BRADLEY!

-- FORGET THE DAMAGE! -- OF ALL THE CO-INCIDENCES! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SEND FOR YOU!

WELL, I'M HERE! -- WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

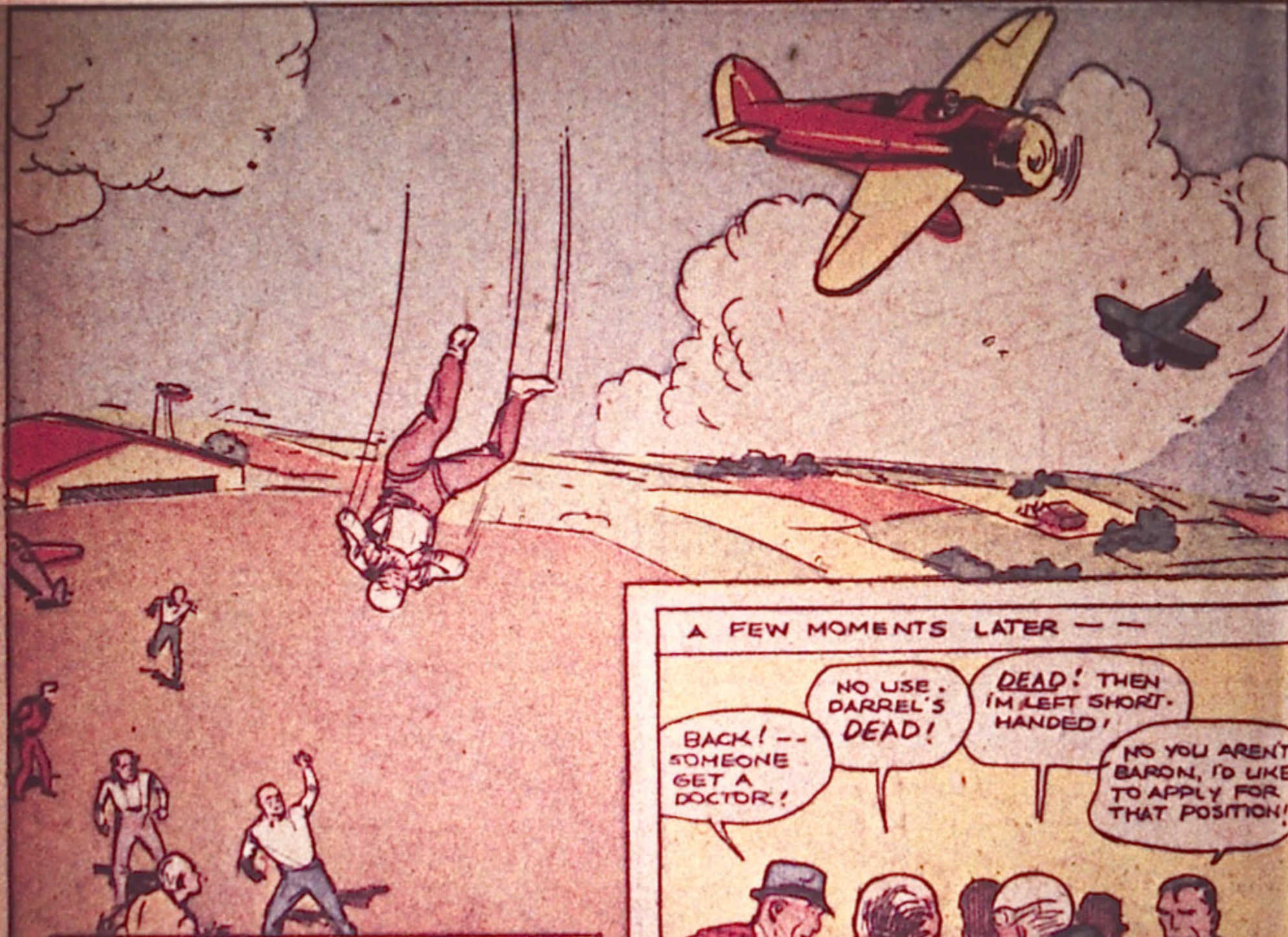


A NUMBER OF OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL PLANES HAVE VANISHED ALONG WITH THEIR CREW AND PASSENGERS! IF YOU CAN CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY, WE'RE WILLING TO GIVE YOU A \$25,000 FEE!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO GIVE IT, I'M WILLING TO TAKE IT! -- ANY CLUES?



ONLY THIS WE SUSPECT AN EX WORLD-WAR FLYER, BARON VON GOETZ, WHO NOW CONDUCTS AN AERIAL CIRCUS, TO BE IMPLICATED. BUT WE CAN'T NAB HIM OUTRIGHT BECAUSE THAT WOULD BLOCK OUR ONLY MEANS OF GETTING AT HIS SUPERIORS -- I'D SUGGEST YOU JOIN THE CIRCUS AND OUR AGENT, DARREL, IN WATCHING THE BARON!



LATER, AS SLAM APPROACHES THE AERIAL CIRCUS GROUNDS, HE HEARS A SHOUT OF HORROR LEAVE THE THROGGING SPECTATORS! DOWN TOWARD THE EARTH AND A HIDEOUS DOOM IS PLUMMETING A PERFORMER, HIS PARACUTE JAMMED!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER --

BACK! -- SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR!

NO USE. DARREL'S DEAD!

DEAD! THEN I'M LEFT SHORT-HANDED!

NO YOU AREN'T, BARON, I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR THAT POSITION!



AT THAT
MOMENT,
THE PLANE
FROM WHICH
DARREL HAD
JUMPED,
LANDS...

WHAT ABOUT IT,
BARON? DO I GET
THE JOB?

FOLLOW ME!
YOU'LL HAVE A
CHANCE TO PROVE
WHETHER YOU
CAN HANDLE IT!

IS HE -- IS
HE DEAD?

YES, BARONESS! BUT THRU
NO FAULT OF YOURS! --
TAKE UP THIS FELLOW
WHO WISHES TO REPLACE
DARREL AND SEE WHAT
HE CAN DO! -- YOU'VE
GOT TO GO UP AGAIN AT
ONCE TO PRESERVE
YOUR FLYING NERVE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER -- HIGH IN THE
SKIES

IF YOU'RE AFRAID,
IT'S NOT TOO
LATE TO BACK
DOWN!

AFRAID? -- SAY,
JUST WATCH
ME!

TEN THOUSAND
FEET ABOVE
THE EARTH,
SLAM CLIMBS
OUT ON
THE PLANE'S
SLENDER
WINGS, AND
EXECUTES
A HEAD-
STAND!

HOW'M
I DOIN'?

WHEN THE PLANE LANDS --

HE'S
MAGNIFICENT.
-- POSSESSES
ABSOLUTELY
NO FEAR!

THEN I'M
HIRED?

YES!



LATER -- THE BARON AND HIS WIFE
HOLD AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION...

BUT WHAT IF THIS
FELLOW BRADLEY
SHOULD ALSO TURN
OUT TO BE A SPY,
AS WAS PARREL?

THEN HE, TOO, WILL
MEET WITH A PROMPT
BUT REGRETTABLE
ACCIDENT!

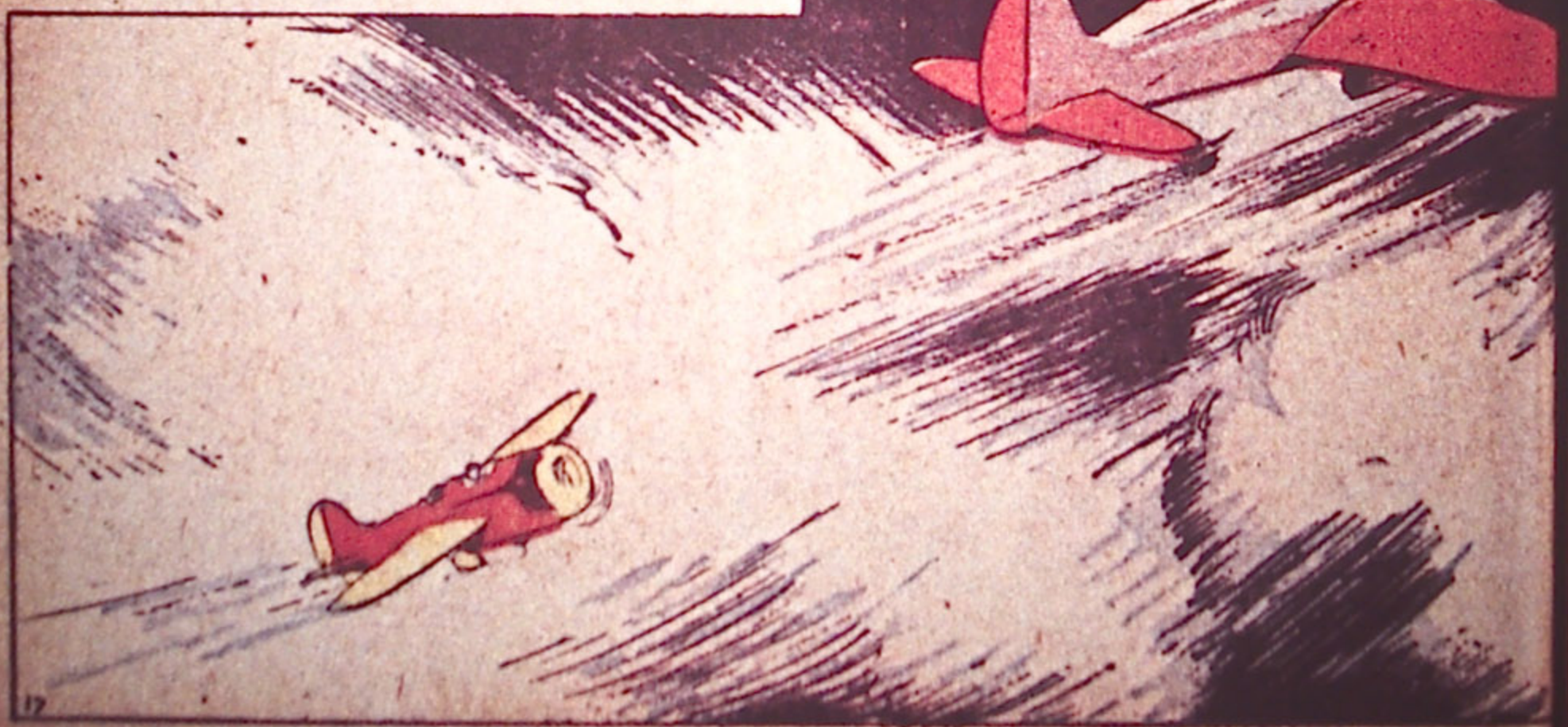


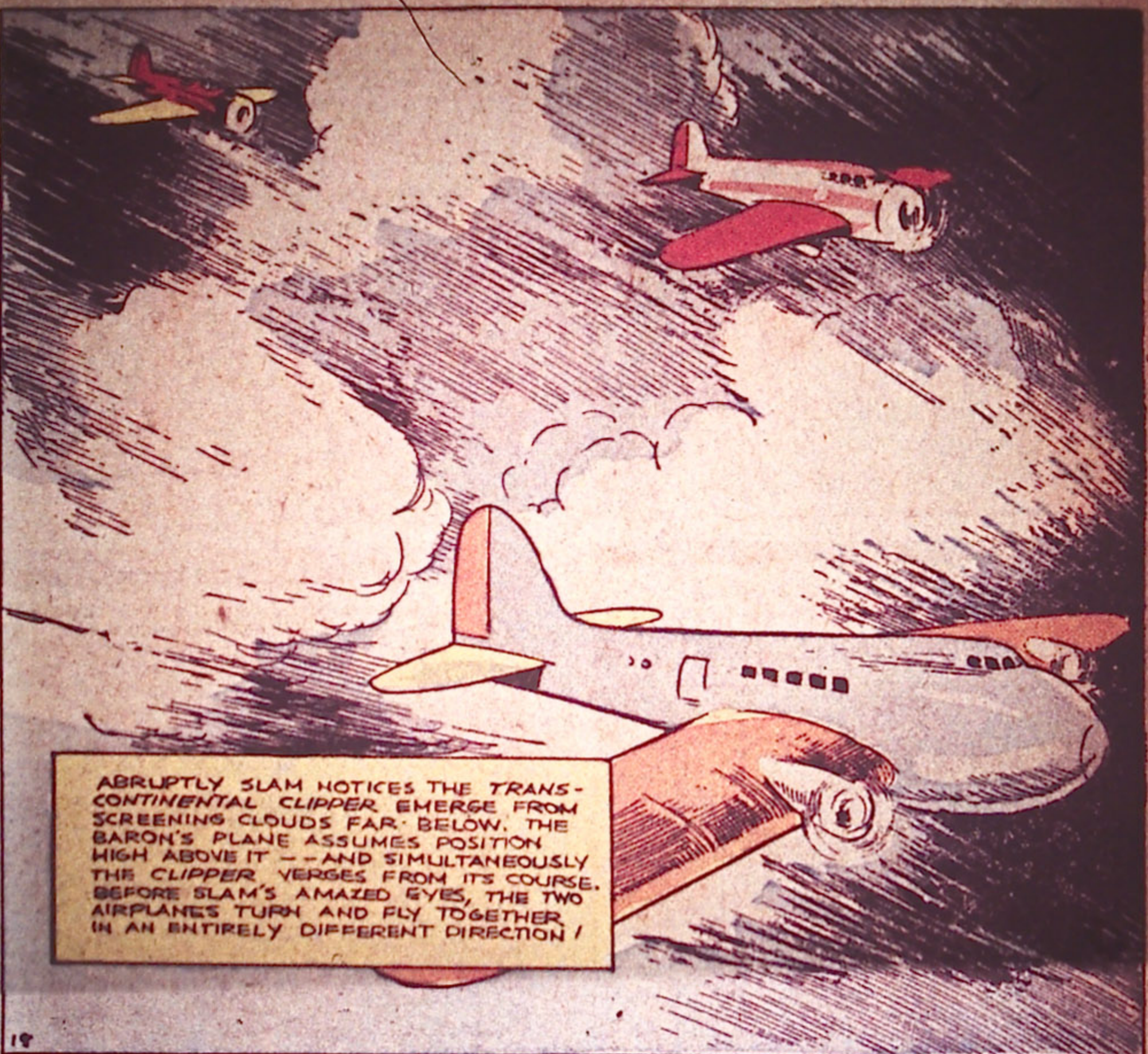
SLAM, HOWEVER, HAD BEEN EAVES-
DROPPING...

SO THAT'S HOW THINGS
ARE! -- IT LOOKS AS
THO I'M ON THE RIGHT
TRAIL AFTER ALL!



THAT EVENING THE BARON TAKES
OFF FOR AN UNANNOUNCED DES-
TINATION -- BUT UNKNOWN TO
HIM, SLAM FOLLOWS IN PURSUIT!
UP -- UP -- INTO THE HIGHER
REACHES OF THE SKY CLIMB THE
TWO PLANES! WHAT MOTIVE CAN
VON GOETZ HAVE FOR ASCENDING
TO SUCH A GREAT ALTITUDE?



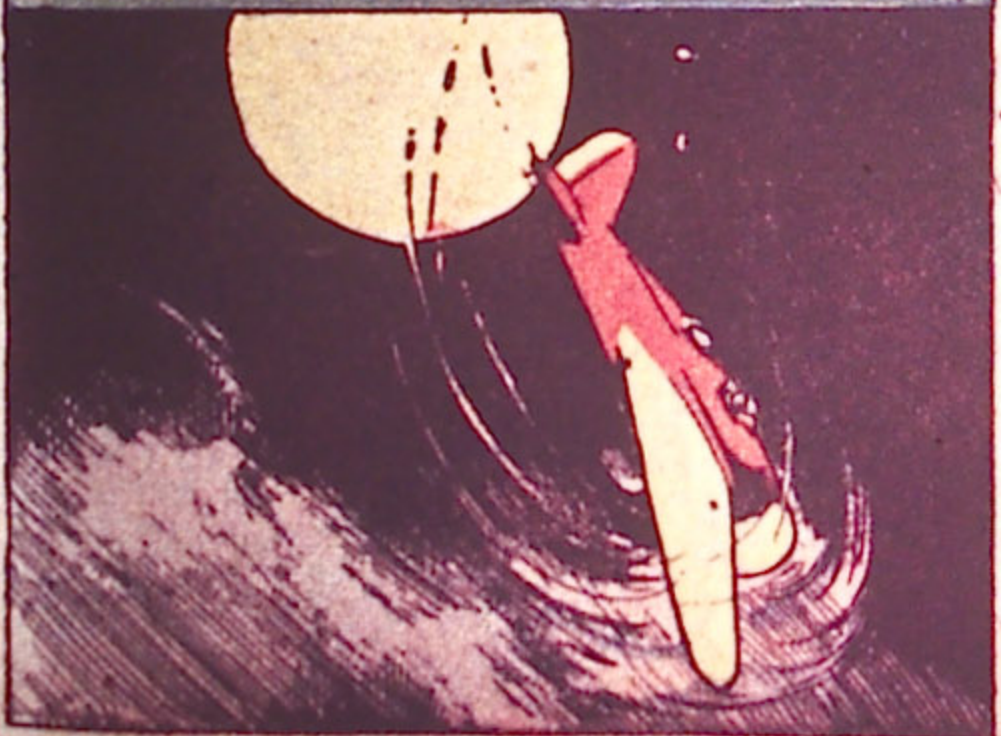


ABRUPTLY SLAM NOTICES THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL CLIPPER EMERGE FROM SCREENING CLOUDS FAR BELOW. THE BARON'S PLANE ASSUMES POSITION HIGH ABOVE IT -- AND SIMULTANEOUSLY THE CLIPPER VERGES FROM ITS COURSE. BEFORE SLAM'S AMAZED EYES, THE TWO AIRPLANES TURN AND FLY TOGETHER IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT DIRECTION!

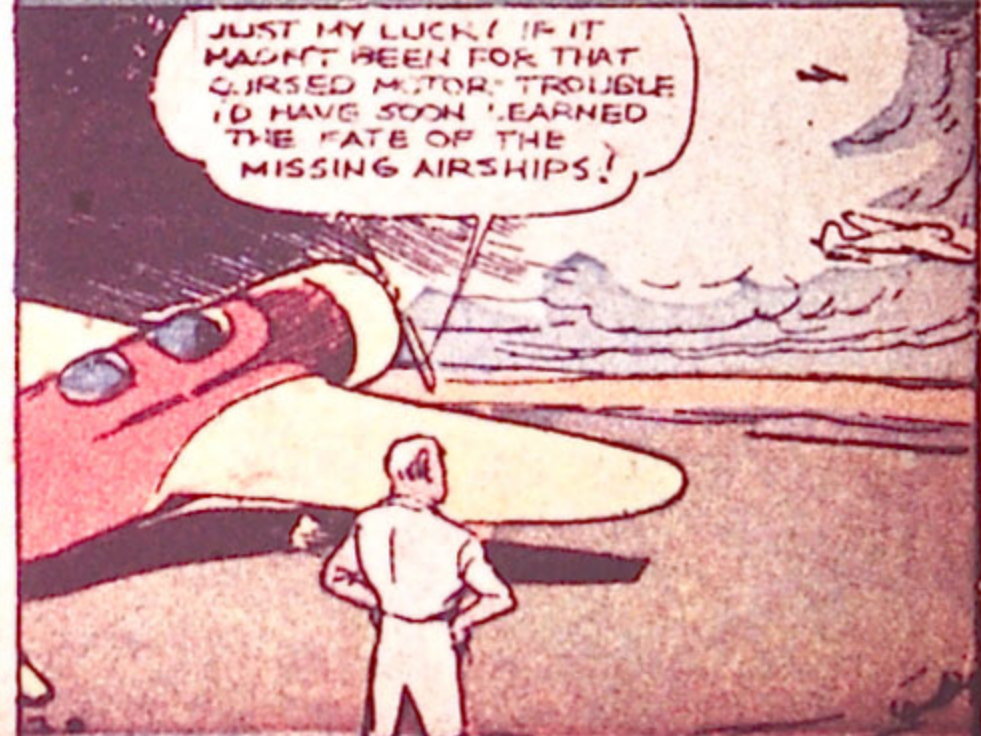
19

AS BRADLEY PREPARES TO TAKE CHASE, HIS MOTOR SUDDENLY COUGHS AND THE NEXT INSTANT HIS SHIP IS NOSE-DIVING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE EARTH!

AT THE VERY LAST INSTANT SLAM MANAGES TO PULL OUT OF THE DEATH-PLUNGE AND LAND SAFELY! -- HE STARES RUEFULLY AFTER THE DISAPPEARING PLANES.



JUST MY LUCK! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT CURSED MOTOR, TROUBLE I'D HAVE SOON LEARNED THE FATE OF THE MISSING AIRSHIPS!





BUT THAT NIGHT SLAM OBSERVES A FURTIVE FIGURE TOSS SOMETHING INTO THE BARON'S PLANE, AND DASH OFF!



IN THE MIDST OF THE AIR-CIRCUS MANEUVERS, SLAM INTERROGATES THE BARON . . .



WHILE SLAM WATCHES FROM CONCEALMENT, VON GOETZ APPEARS A FEW MOMENTS LATER, READS THE MESSAGE WHICH HAD BEEN TOSSED INTO HIS COCKPIT, AND LEERS SATANICALLY AS HE OBSERVES THE FLAME FROM HIS MATCH CONSUME THE NOTE.



WHEN THE BARON DEPARTS, SLAM ATTEMPTS TO RECONSTRUCT THE NOTE

NO GO! -- THE ASHES ARE CRUMBLING TO DUST!

FOR SEVERAL EVENINGS SLAM CLOSELY WATCHES THE BARON'S PLANE, THEN ONE NIGHT HIS VIGILANCE IS REWARDED. THE FURTIVE FIGURE AGAIN APPEARS AND HASTILY TOSSES A NOTE INTO THE COCK-PILOT, AS IT RUNS PAST!

IVE GOT TO WORK QUICK BEFORE VON GOETZ TURNS UP!

A FEW SWIFT STRIDES BRINGS SLAM TO THE PLANE. SPEEDILY HE READS THE MESSAGE, THEN REPLACES IT AND HURRIES OFF!

TOMORROW NIGHT
AT EIGHT. --
THE AIRLINE EXPRESS.
OUR LAST JOB.

SHORTLY LATER, VON GOETZ APPEARS, TO RETRIEVE THE NOTE. -- HIS EYES WIDEN INVOLUNTARILY AS HE GLIMPSES THE TELL-TALE RING WHICH HAD ACCIDENTLY DROPPED FROM SLAM'S FINGER.

WHAT'S UP?

BRADLEY'S A SPY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
RID OF HIM AT
ONCE!



THIS IS HOW WE'LL MANAGE
IT: YOU FLY MY PLANE --
BRADLEY AND I WILL FLY YOURS
-- I'LL GET HIM OUT ON THE
WINGS ON SOME PRETEXT
-- A SUDDEN TWIST,
AND HE'LL BE THROWN
OFF.



NEXT EVENING --

I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY
ME ON AN IMPORTANT
FLIGHT TONIGHT. YOU
NEEDN'T BOTHER WEAR-
ING YOUR PARACHUTE.
IT WON'T BE
NECESSARY.

O.K.!--
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



AT PROMPTLY SEVEN-THIRTY P.M. TWO
PLANES TAKE OFF; ONE BEARS THE
BARONESS; THE OTHER, VON GOETZ AND
SLAM...

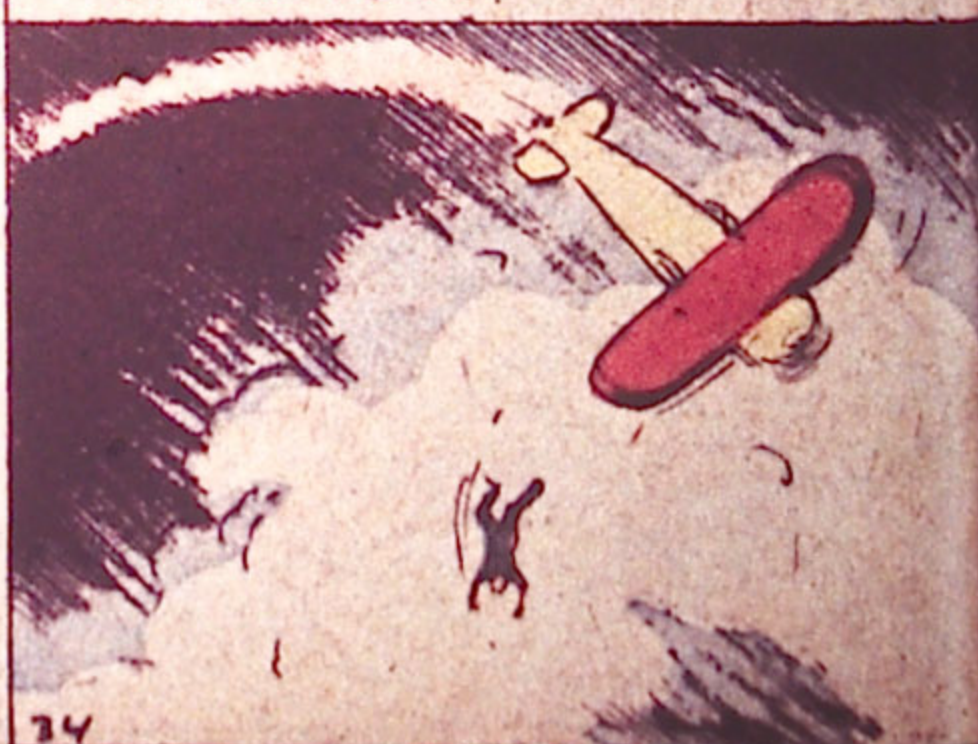


WHILE ALOFT, --

THAT STRUT!--
IT'S LOOSE! GET
OUT AND TIGHTEN
IT!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE PLANE GYRATES
WILDLY, THEN -- DOWN FROM IT TOPPLES
A SCREAMING FIGURE, DROPPING TO A
HIDEOUS DEATH!



THE STREAKING BODY STRIKES THE EARTH WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, AND LIES LIMP -- HALF HIDDEN BY THE TANGLED UNDERGROWTH



A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE THE AIRSHIPS LAND, THEY PASS OVER THE FOUR VANISHED TRANSCONTINENTAL AIR-LINERS



MEANWHILE, THE BARONESS HAS ASSUMED POSITION ABOVE, AND ALTERED THE COURSE OF THE AIRLINE EXPRESS. TOGETHER, THE THREE PLANES FLY HIGH ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS, THEN SWOOP TOWARD A LOW, HIDDEN VALLEY.

36



THE BARONESS RACES TO HER COMPANION-PLANE, AND FINDS HERSELF CONFRONTED BY SLAM BRADLEY

YOU!

YES, ME! -- SORRY, BUT WHEN YOUR HUSBAND TRIED TO THROW ME INTO SPACE, WE FOUGHT -- AND HE LOST HIS GRIP ON THE PLANE!



SO YOU'VE KILLED VON GOETZ! -- ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND YOU'LL SHARE HIS FATE!



39

WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR COURSE?

MY INSTRUMENTS FAILED ME. CONTROLLED BY THE SHIP OVERHEAD AND THAT TOWER OVER YONDER, THE ELECTRIC DIRECTOR-BEAM WAS DIVERTED!

FOR THE MOMENT YOU ARE OUR PRISONERS. IF YOU BEHAVE, PERHAPS WE'LL RELEASE YOU AT THE PROPER TIME!



THE NEW CAPTIVES ARE HERDED WITHIN A BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE THAT CONTAINS THE PASSENGERS OF OTHER CAPTURED VESSELS.

GET IN THERE!
-- ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE WILL BE INSTANTLY SHOT!



LATER -- THE CAPTORS DISCUSS A VITAL PROBLEM...

NOW THAT WE'VE FIVE TRANSCONTINENTAL PLANES AND ARE READY TO BLOW, WHAT ABOUT THE PRISONERS?

WE CAN'T LET THEM GO FREE TO SPILL ALL THEY KNOW. GET THE MACHINE-GUNS READY!



SOON AFTER, THE BARONESS APPEARS AT THE PRISONERS' PEN . . .

ORDERS FROM THE CHIEF! SLAM BRADLEY TO ACCOMPANY ME INTO HIS PRESENCE!

WAIT HERE. I'LL GET HIM.



SLAM ACCOMPANIES THE BARONESS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE WHEN SHE BURSTS OUT IMPULSIVELY . . .

THE PRISONERS ARE ABOUT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! BUT I -- I CAN'T SEE YOU KILLED. LIKE A FOOL, I'VE FALLEN FOR YOU. -- YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO ESCAPE WITH ME IN A PLANE

THEN LET'S GET STARTED!



AS THE CAPTIVES ARE LINED UP FOR THE MASSACRE, THE PLANE BEARING THE FLEEING BARONESS AND BRADLEY, STREAKS UP FROM THE GROUND!

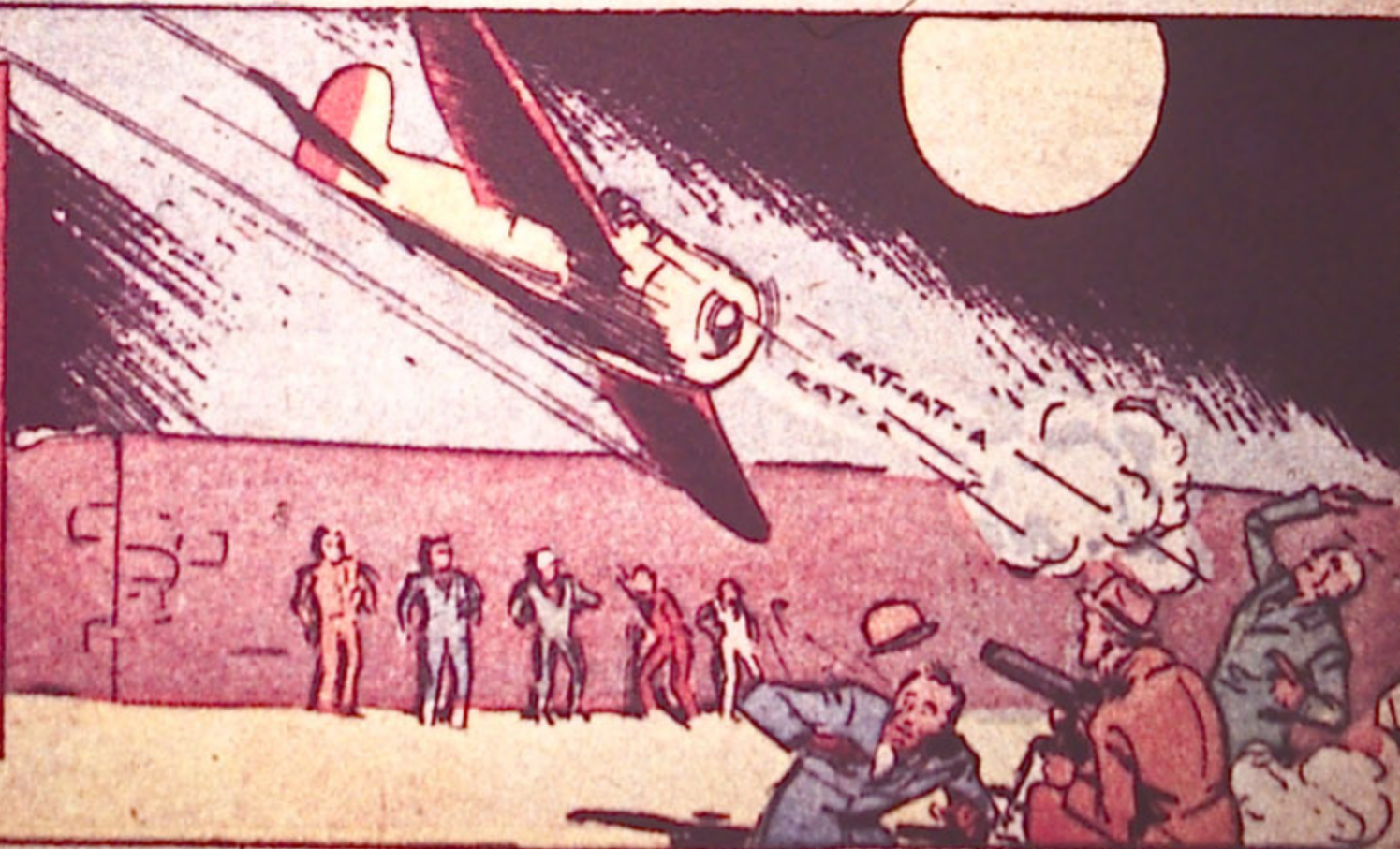


WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE NOT FLYING AWAY! YOU'RE ZOOMING TOWARD THE GROUND!

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO BELIEVE I'D ABANDON THE PRISONERS TO THEIR FATE



A MOMENT BEFORE THE MACHINE-GUNNERS CUT LOOSE AT THE CAPTIVES, SLAM'S PLANE SWOOPS LOW AND SPURTS LEADEN DEATH AT THE WOULD-BE KILLERS!



SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY THE PRISONERS LEAP AT THEIR DEMORALIZED GUARDS AND OVERPOWER THEM!



AN HOUR LATER, THE FIVE VANISHED TRANSCONTINENTAL PLANES, WITH THEIR PASSENGERS AND FORMER CAPTORS ABOARD, ARE ALOFT AND HEADED TOWARD THE NEAREST AIRPORT



NEXT DAY --

THE PLAN OF THE THIEVES WAS TO STEAL VALUABLE AIR LINERS, ALTER THEIR APPEARANCE, AND SELL THEM TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, SLAM BRADLEY, THEY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED! -- HERE'S MY CHECK FOR \$25,000!

--ER-- COULD I SELL YOU A PLANE FOR \$26,000?



THE END

COMPLETE NEXT ISSUE !!

SLAM BRADLEY and the LUMBERJACKS

CASTING HIS LOT AMONG THE MOST HARD-BOILED MUGS HE HAS YET ENCOUNTERED, SLAM BATTLE-PLOTS AND MEN UNTIL HE ACHIEVES HIS GOAL: THE SOLUTION TO A PUZZLING MYSTERY!

DON'T MISS IT!



SIR HUBERT WILKENS

FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER

~ by Will Ely ~



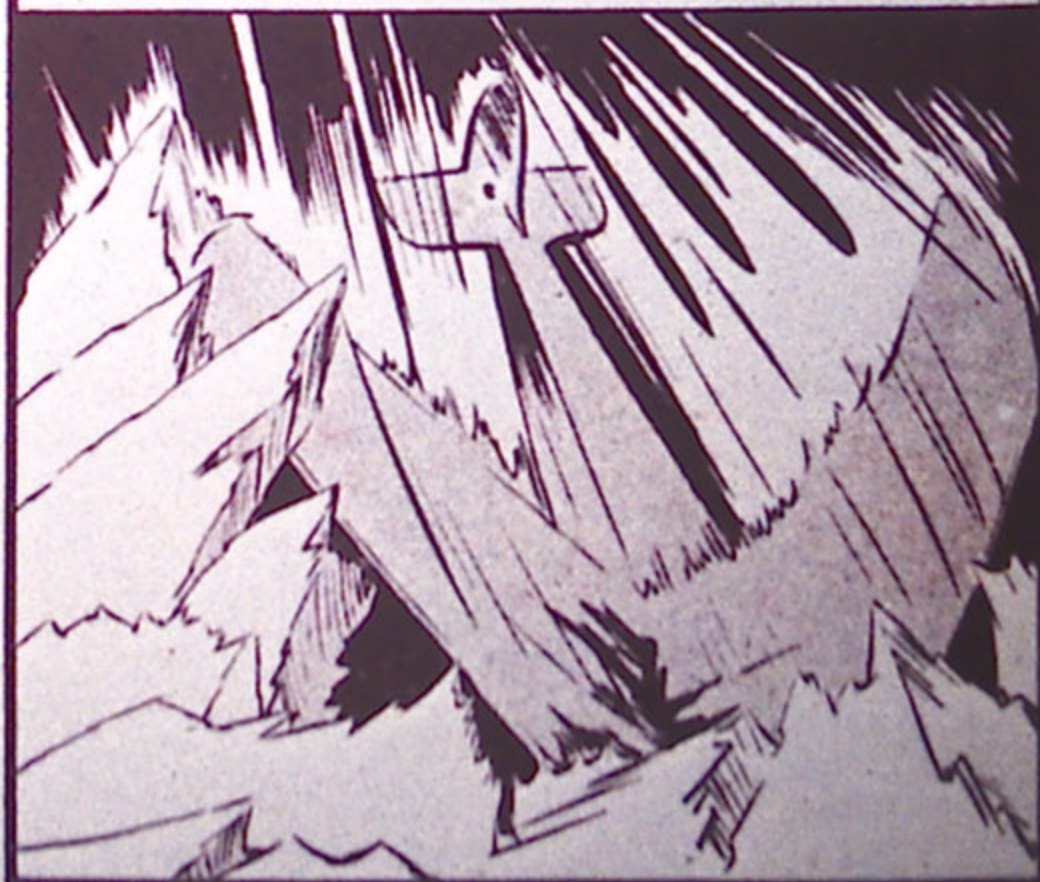
A TENSE MOMENT IN SIR HUBERT'S COLORFUL CAREER OCCURRED WHEN HE AND A COMPANION WERE FLYING IN A MOST DANGEROUS WILDERNESS OF THE ARCTIC - THEY'D BEEN FLYING INTO A DRIVING BLIZZARD FOR HOURS - BELOW THERE WAS NOTHING BUT JAGGED ICE --



WE ARE COMPLETELY OUT OF GAS!

GLIDE LOW AND BE READY FOR A CRASH

THEY GLIDED THRU THE INKY BLACKNESS TOWARDS THE THREATENING PINNACLES OF ICE - MIRACULOUSLY THEY MADE A SUCCESSFUL CRASH - BOTH ESCAPED, BUT THEIR PLANE WAS USELESS --



THEY HAD TO PROCEED ON FOOT - THE NEAREST LAND WAS 97 MILES AWAY - ON THEIR PAINFUL JOURNEY THEY HAD TO CROSS A BIT OF SPONGY ICE - SIR HUBERT WAS ALMOST ACROSS WHEN THE ICE GAVE -



AS HE SANK BENEATH THE ICY WATERS HIS ICE PICK CAUGHT THE EDGE - HE WAS ABLE TO DRAG HIMSELF TO SAFETY - THEY BUILT A FIRE TO THAW HIM OUT - FINALLY THEY REACHED CIVILIZATION AFTER PRACTICALLY CRAWLING ALL THE WAY OVER ICE AND SNOW --

